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THE SESSION TO WHITSUNTIDE.

PARLIAMENT breaks up for a short holiday after two months of mild and uninteresting labour. There has not been a time so utterly quiet, so serene, and so tame for years. The Ministry has been faithful to its programme of a gentle-paced Liberalism. It has made no enemies; it has done very fairly well what it had to do; and if it has disappointed some of its eager friends, they have borne their disappointment like men who, while half-asleep on a journey, wake up for a second to find that the station they have reached is not that which they thought they had come to. To look at the Emperor of RUSSIA and his daughter, and to speculate which friend will be left without a baronetcy, are the only distractions of a languid society. The Ministerial majority is very strong, but it has seldom any occasion to show its strength, for no set of people are more contented with the Ministry than the Opposition. It is exceedingly comfortable to a weak and distracted Opposition to have nothing to oppose. Just before the beginning of the Session an apprehension was entertained that Mr. GLADSTONE was determined to resign his leadership. But that cloud passed away, and the Liberal party was saved the trouble of deciding which of its frogs could be so bloated as to look something like an ox. Mr. DISRAELI has moreover taken the utmost pains to conciliate his late adversaries, and he and his colleagues are studiously polite to their vanquished opponents. When one of the speakers on the Address attacked Mr. GLADSTONE on account of the unexpected dissolution, Mr. DISRAELI immediately announced that the attack had been made without consultation, and complimented Mr. GLADSTONE in the warmest terms on that which has been really successful in his chequered career. When a very minor Conservative chose to bespatter Mr. GLADSTONE with such abuse as he thought likely to be most effective, the Ministry remained perfectly silent, and left Mr. GLADSTONE to expend as much unnecessary energy and eloquence as he pleased in smashing and confounding an assailant who deserved nothing but the contempt of silence. The Irish officials will not hear of any attack on the excellent nobleman who was lately Lord Lieutenant, or on his administration, and make his cause completely their own. To those who remember the sparring that ordinarily goes on between the Chancellors of different Ministries there is something quite beautiful in the way in which Lord CAIRNS and Lord SELBORNE take sweet counsel together. For a moment it seemed as if Mr. WARD HUNT was going to make a strong case against Mr. CHILDERES and Mr. GOSCHEN as the destroyers of the English navy. But he was immediately recalled to wiser ways by his colleagues, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE good-humouredly explained that the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY meant by a phantom navy nothing more than a real and most satisfactory navy on which a few thousands extra might perhaps be not injudiciously expended. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE in his own department paid his old teacher the best of compliments by framing a Budget so thoroughly in his teacher's style that Mr. GLADSTONE had nothing to say to it by way of criticism except to suggest mildly that he was not very sure about taking off the duty on horses. The late Ministers must have been the most cantankerous of men if they had not been mollified by all these gentle arts, and did not own that to live under a DISRAELI Ministry was to live in a very good time for beaten and disappointed men.

The measures of the Session are not very numerous, but are for the most part free from objection. The CHANCELLOR

is not to be moved from his purpose to complete the Judicature Bill of last year, and resists like a rock the piteous supplications of noble friends to let the House of Lords retain the name of its old jurisdiction. The Irish and Scotch Judges are sorry that the ultimate appeal is no longer to be to a tribunal with which they have been familiar for years; but if England is content to have a change, they are capable of seeing the absurdity of having the jurisdiction of the Peers kept alive for a tiny handful of Scotch and Irish appeals. Whatever was settled by the last Government and the last Parliament is taken as the law of the Medes by this most conciliatory of Ministries; and Lord CAIRNS, while owning that he should like to see the Appellate Judges better paid, bows respectfully before the adverse decision of his predecessors, and will not dream of raising even a finger so as to give them a moment's mortification. He and Lord SELBORNE and Vice-Chancellor HALL have between them settled a Bill for registering transfers of land, which on such eminent authority is taken as beyond discussion, and is accepted as sure somehow to be all right. The Licensing Bill is the tribute paid by a grateful Government to the great beer interest, which fought for the Conservative cause with so much electioneering vigour and success. A trifling extension of the hours during which public-houses may be kept open, and some change more nominal than real as to endorsing convictions on licences, are the simple and innocent fruits of that great and noble struggle. But the publicans do not seem put out of conceit with their friends. No one indeed appears to have the least notion of quarrelling with the Ministry for not doing what it was hoped it would do for the numerous interests which we were told last autumn have been so fearfully harassed and despoiled during Mr. GLADSTONE's term of office. Even Oxford is still intended by the Government to be a military centre, although the one object of Mr. GATHORNE HARDY's Parliamentary life when he was out of office seemed to be to get this stern decree of Lord CARDWELL set aside. It would scarcely be surprising to hear Mr. HARDY now state, if he were asked the question, that he thinks an order to put into official returns an imaginary girth for the chests of recruits is a most proper order if only every circumstance is taken into consideration. Lord SANDON has indeed stirred the wrath of zealous educationists by reducing the standard of education in the case of some children whose wages he thought especially necessary for the support of their parents. And for once the Government had to use its majority so as to check all animation of feeling at its outset. But Lord SANDON was vehement in declaring that he was really no more reactionary about education than Mr. FORSTER is, only that he is more alive to the necessity of not setting men's minds against the new scheme of education by forcing it on the very poor too rapidly. That all the excited talk about the necessity of calling the late Government to account for the Ashantee war has died away is almost a matter of course now that there is a new Ministry. The pleasant task fell to the lot of the present Government, of moving the thanks of Parliament to the General and his troops, and they have framed a scheme for the government of the Gold Coast. Lord CAERNARVON has achieved this duty with care and ability, and he and Lord KIMBERLEY have the same brotherly ways about them when colonial affairs are to be discussed as mark the intercourse of Lord SELBORNE and the CHANCELLOR.

The only debate with an approach to seriousness in it that has taken place was that on the extension of the county franchise. Mr. DISRAELI took occasion to make a

speech in his best new Palmerstonian manner. There was not a trace of Conservatism in his remarks. That the agricultural labourers were excellent people, and as well able to vote as other men, he was quite ready to admit; but he wished Mr. TREVELYAN, whom he no longer rebukes as an adventurous interloper in big subjects, to observe that these worthy persons are just now absorbed in the engrossing occupation of squeezing another shilling a week out of the farmers, and so have really no time to attend to Parliamentary matters. Besides, the question is a big question, and full of thorny points as to how the new voters, if they were created, would be distributed. Finally, this scarcely seems to be the right time to worry England with a new Reform Bill. There will be the Derby in a few days, and there is more Royalty about than usual, and an affable Ministry must really be left to enjoy its honeymoon undisturbed, and so the county franchise may surely be left as it is just at present. His release from office enabled Mr. LOWE to return to his old convictions about Reform. Mr. GLADSTONE was away, and Mr. FORSTER was almost the solitary representative of the late Ministry who supported a measure which a few months ago was supposed to have been selected as the battle-cry of Liberal candidates. The foreign policy of the present Government is, naturally, so exactly that of the last that the great difficulty for Lord GRANVILLE and Lord DERBY must be to feel sure which of them is in office. Lord DERBY, indeed, was so excessively cautious in replying to Lord RUSSELL on the state of Europe, and so anxious to guard himself against being hereafter discovered to have been in the wrong under different contingencies, that Continental alarmists took it into their heads that something mysterious and dreadful must be concealed under all this cloud of reticence. But the spirited foreign policy which used to be dangled before the public when the Conservatives were out of office has been judiciously consigned to the lumber-room where the political stage properties of Opposition statesmen repose when they have, as members of a Government, to play a different part. Even the Home Rulers have given the Ministry no trouble. The new IRISH SECRETARY was guilty of one indiscretion at the beginning of his new career, and lapsed from the present programme of his party into a revival of antiquated Conservative notions. But he was wise enough to see where he had gone wrong, and has since been as pleasant to his Irish opponents as possible. One solitary defeat the Government has indeed sustained, and that was on an Irish question, and on the question of giving money to Ireland. But no harm was done; the Irish never really got the money; and perhaps the defeat was not without use to the Government, as men are liked better who have occasionally some slight break in the wearisome course of a uniform success. There is every prospect that in the next two months of the Session the break in Ministerial success will not be much more serious than the only one that has occurred before Whitsuntide.

#### SPAIN.

MARSHAL CONCHA has left Bilbao to continue the campaign against the Carlists. Although the moral effect of raising the siege must have been great, the investing force retired in good order and with little loss when it had ascertained that the position was turned. General ELIO, who is said to have been afterwards deprived of his command, went so far as to congratulate his troops on the change of circumstances which had restored their liberty of movement. The general of an investing army who is satisfied because he has been compelled to raise an important siege may be regarded as a model of content; nevertheless it may be true that the Carlists are more formidable in the field than in the defence of fortified lines. The mass of artillery which SERRANO had collected for the relief of Bilbao cannot be used in an active campaign; and the preponderance of numbers may sometimes be neutralized by skilful generalship. The brother of Don CARLOS has, according to some reports, defeated a body of Government troops in a considerable skirmish; and no advantage has been claimed by General CONCHA since his arrival at Bilbao. Time will show whether the enthusiasm of the insurgents has been damped by their recent failure. Observers from without are confirmed by the relief of Bilbao in the belief that the Carlists have no chance of carrying the war beyond the boundaries of the Northern provinces. It is possible that the volunteers

who cling so obstinately to the cause of Don CARLOS may be actuated by an exclusively local patriotism which renders them indifferent to the condition of the rest of Spain. The mysterious resources which enable the insurgents to maintain the war have apparently not yet been exhausted; but they have not hitherto encountered so considerable a force as that which is now commanded by Marshal CONCHA. The so-called Republican army appears to feel implicit confidence in its chief, who is assisted by many officers of experience and ability. The latest accounts afford no sufficient indication of the purpose of CONCHA, who was moving in a southerly direction. His countrymen, whether friends or enemies, seem to have been astonished at the conduct of a general who, after obtaining a considerable advantage, proceeds to complete his victory by following up the beaten enemy. A movement against his own friends was deemed a more natural result of military success. As Marshal CONCHA is supposed to be a partisan of Prince ALFONSO, it was thought extraordinary that he should not at once restore the Monarchy with the aid of the army. It is still uncertain whether the Marshal meditates opposition to the Government of Madrid. He has of late co-operated effectively with SERRANO, who is deemed the chief obstacle to a restoration of the BOURBON dynasty. It is but reasonable to assume that he was influenced by plain considerations of duty, and that he may have regarded his reputation as involved in the suppression of the Carlist revolt. That a victorious soldier should recognize the rights of any Government which he has the means of overthrowing seems to be in Spain a surprising proof of moderation.

SERRANO rested his fortunes on the relief of Bilbao. He might perhaps have declined to leave the seat of Government to command the army; but, having once undertaken the enterprise, he could not have retained his official and political position if he had returned after an unsuccessful campaign. Although Marshal CONCHA received the greater part of the credit of victory, the PRESIDENT of the Republic has been greatly strengthened both by the check inflicted on the Carlists and by the increase of his former military reputation. During his absence in the North his Ministers were with difficulty prevented from breaking up the Government. The Cabinet represented a coalition; or, in Spanish phrase, it was a Government of Conciliation, including Moderates, Progressists, and one or two members who inclined to Republicanism. In the midst of the operations in front of Somorrostro Admiral TOPETE was compelled to pay a hurried visit to Madrid for the purpose of preventing or postponing the imminent rupture. The Minister of War, General ZABALA, discharged with energetic loyalty the paramount duty of providing supplies and reinforcements to the army. His colleagues were divided by every form of political and personal jealousy, and some of them were probably not well disposed to the Chief of the Government. It might have been supposed that, as long as there were no Cortes to manage, political differences might be conveniently suspended, but Spaniards are still more averse than Frenchmen to compromise and toleration. After his return to Madrid, SERRANO allowed a short interval to elapse before he announced his decision. He would willingly have preserved the party truce which was represented by his Government; but as some of the Ministers positively refused to co-operate with others, he was compelled to make a choice, and he inclined to the Conservative section of the Cabinet. In Spain, as in other Continental countries, the Minister of the Interior is in ordinary times the most powerful member of the Government. He appoints the civil servants, who in their turn govern the country, and by their aid he controls the elections. If Marshal SERRANO has at any time occasion to summon a Cortes, he must procure a majority who may be trusted to support him. Within two or three years Spain has been represented by more than that number of homogeneous Parliaments. One Cortes, returned, as the opponents of the Government complained, by gross corruption and violence, reposed implicit confidence in SAGASTA. When ZORRILLA succeeded to office, he also obtained at a fresh election a large majority; and finally, the Cortes assembled after the abdication of the KING was divided between the two Republican sections. It is above all things necessary to place at the Home Office a functionary who can be trusted to manipulate the elections skilfully.

SAGASTA, who possesses greater official experience than any other Spanish civilian except ZORRILLA, has been

thought indispensable as Minister of the Interior. The Progressists not unreasonably refused to take a share in the Government while the chief political power remained in the hands of the leader of the Conservative party. After some futile attempts at conciliation General ZABALA, who is rather a soldier than a politician, consented to take the first place in the Government, while SAGASTA at the Home Office will probably exercise the principal power. The rest of the Ministers are Moderates or Conservatives, and the Republicans not unreasonably complain that the PRESIDENT of the Republic is exclusively surrounded by the supporters of monarchy. For the moment it is perhaps a more serious inconvenience that General PAVIA has resigned the military command of Madrid. It is supposed that he resented the termination of the compromise which he had himself originated when he turned the Cortes out of doors. SERRANO will be fortunate if he can find another Captain General for Madrid as fully able and willing as General PAVIA to keep the rabble in order, and equally indisposed to conspire for his own advantage. SAGASTA, as the ablest member of the new Cabinet, will be the real head of the Ministry as long as no open opposition renders necessary an appeal to the army. The Republicans in some of the large towns threaten insurrectionary movements which would inevitably result in the establishment of the undisguised supremacy of the army. SERRANO and the other military chiefs are not likely to forget the condition in which the country was left on the proclamation of the Republic. At that time there were no means of maintaining order, or even national unity. The Carlist war has been so far beneficial that it has facilitated and rendered necessary the reconstruction of the army; nor can there be any doubt that, unless the principal generals should quarrel among themselves, any attempt at a Republican outbreak would be summarily repressed. The ulterior intentions of those who control the destinies of Spain are still undisclosed. It is believed that SERRANO desires a prolongation of his provisional power such as that which has been accorded in France to Marshal MACMAHON. TOPETE is closely allied to SERRANO, who again appears to repose full confidence in the loyalty of CONCHA. The Ministers are probably inclined to the party of Don ALFONSO, whose pretensions are unacceptable to SERRANO and TOPETE. When there are difficulties in the way of any decided course, it is probable that nothing will be done. For the present, a President of a nominal Republic, ruling without the aid or incumbrance of a Parliament, will perhaps serve the country better than any competitor.

#### THE FALL OF THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE overthrow of the BROGLIE Ministry by the desertion of the Right is one of the least intelligible incidents of contemporary French politics. In voting for the prolongation of Marshal MACMAHON's powers last November the Legitimists had apparently descended from the impracticable heights of pure principle, and taken their place in the everyday world of compromise and arrangement. The scheme for putting the Count of CHAMBORD on the throne had failed, and it was open to them to declare that their alliance with the Orleanists had come to an end with it. They had united for a particular purpose, and when that purpose was shown to be out of reach, they might fairly have dissolved partnership. Instead of this, they renewed the compact for a totally different object. In concert with the Duke of BROGLIE they set about extending the provisional Government for a fixed number of years. What was to happen at the end of that time was not expressed in the contract. No doubt the Duke of BROGLIE and his Legitimist allies thought it best to keep their ideas upon this point a close secret from one another. Thus much, however, seemed settled, that all thought of a Restoration was for the present given up, and that Legitimists and Orleanists acting together would secure a working majority to the Ministry so long as the composition of the Assembly underwent no further change. For some time past there have been symptoms that the Extreme Right were growing restless under this self-imposed obligation to acquiesce even for a time in a nominally Republican Constitution. They had done the same thing when M. THIERS was President; but that was before they had realized their own strength or had been excited by the near prospect of a Restoration. The Orleanists were not then an element in the Monarchical cal-

culation, and so long as it was doubtful whether they would not go along with M. THIERS in setting up the Republic submission was the only course which the Right had open to them. A half-and-half friend is often a cause of greater irritation than an avowed enemy, and it is not wonderful that the Legitimists looked upon the Duke of BROGLIE as no better than a half-and-half friend. If the Orleanists had not had their trumpery scruples about flags and charters, there would have been a majority in the Assembly in favour of a Restoration even after the publication of the Count of CHAMBORD's letter; and when the Legitimists saw themselves compelled to abandon their hopes because the Orleanists insisted on guarantees which the Count of CHAMBORD did not choose to give, it was natural enough that they should be in an ill-humour. But after the decisive acceptance of the new state of things involved in the vote of the 19th of November, it was scarcely credible that they should, only six months later, set themselves deliberately to overturn the Cabinet. It seemed far more probable that their threats of desertion were merely so many outbursts of childish passion, having as little to do with their ultimate acts as the angry assurances of children usually have. Whenever the moment for voting came they would surely be guided by the same motives which had actuated them on the 19th of November, and vote—under protest and with all manner of reservations—in support of the Ministry which after all must come nearer their idea of what a Ministry ought to be than any other which could at present be obtained.

This reasonable expectation has been completely falsified. The vote of the Right can only be accounted for on one of three hypotheses. Either it was an outburst of unrestrained rage which blinded them to all considerations either of prudence or duty; or they think that the prospect of effecting a Restoration by their own unaided strength is more promising than it was before the fusion of last August; or they calculate upon a new ally turning up in the confusion into which they may hope France will be reduced by the defeat of the Duke of BROGLIE. On the whole, the last of these explanations seems the most probable. At all events, the choice lies between that and the first. The notion that they have any hope of proclaiming the Count of CHAMBORD King by the votes of the mere fraction of the Assembly which alone is willing to accept him on his own terms is too absurd to be entertained even by ultra-Legitimists. The theory of uncontrollable rage is less impossible, and if the Duke of BROGLIE had done anything fresh to excite their anger, it might be accepted as an adequate explanation. But, as matters stand, it can hardly be so accepted. If the division had taken place on the Bill creating a Second Chamber, and investing the President of the Grand Council with the Executive power in the interval between Marshal MACMAHON's vacating his office and the subsequent settlement of the form of government by the Grand Council and the Assembly, the result would have been easier to understand. The Legitimists consider, rightly or wrongly, that this provision was especially designed to give the control of events at a critical moment to the Duke of AUMALE; and as the Duke of AUMALE is the member of the ORLEANS family whom they most hate and fear, they might have gone any lengths in opposing such a Bill. But the decisive vote was taken on a much less momentous question, and even if the Legitimists had made up their minds to do anything rather than allow a post of this importance to be created for the Duke of AUMALE, they would naturally have waited until the Bill was under discussion, and taken their chance of being able to modify it, or, failing in this, to throw it out. Their action upon this question would have been just as decisive in its effects as their vote of last Saturday, while it would have been very much easier to explain. They might have plausibly accused the Duke of BROGLIE of meditating something not far short of a breach of faith against his allies, inasmuch as, under cover of postponing the final decision between Monarchy and Republic, he had contrived that the decision should be made with an Orleanist Prince commanding the whole strength of the Executive.

It seems unlikely, therefore, that the vote of the Right can fairly be set down to passion. It is more probable that they have somehow persuaded themselves that if all moderate Governments can be made impossible, and Marshal MACMAHON reduced to choose between a Radical Ministry, whether before or after a dissolution, and some kind of *coup d'état*, he will prefer the latter. Even supposing this to be the case—and the Marshal's conduct throughout the present Ministerial negotiations has been so

straightforward as to make the supposition highly improbable—it is hard to see how the Legitimists would be the better for it. Marshal MACMAHON could have no inducement to put the Count of CHAMBORD on the throne. Man for man, it seems likely that NAPOLEON IV. would be a more popular puppet than HENRY V., and there can be no question that he would be a more pliable one. Whether the Marshal consulted his own interests or those of France, he would rather, of the two, be the guardian of the Bonapartist than of a Legitimate throne. He would be a greater man in the former case than in the latter, and the danger of civil war would be decidedly less. But, though the calculations of the Legitimists have no foundation, they are valuable as showing to what a depth the party has fallen. After twenty years of political exile and haughty abstention from the unclean thing of Imperialism, they have come so low as to practise the very same tactics and to build their hopes on the very same possibilities as the party for which they have expressed so much contempt. The legitimate King is to be restored to France by a military surprise, and the means by which this surprise is to be effected is the corruption of a successful soldier. By comparison with this Bonapartism becomes respectable. In the imagination of NAPOLEON III. the nation had at least a place. He could assure himself that his *coup d'état* was designed to rescue France from utter confusion, and the vote which followed showed that, bad as the means were, they were not so bad but that some millions of Frenchmen were to be found who thought that the end justified them. No similar excuses can be made for the Legitimists. There is no popular sentiment to be evoked, no actual confusion out of which a way of escape is needed, for, whatever Marshal MACMAHON's Government has failed in, it has been completely successful in maintaining order. On the contrary, it is an essential part of the Legitimist plan that the disease should be created in order to make work for the physician. Society in France is to be reduced to chaos that the Count of CHAMBORD's statecoach may move upon the face of the waters.

It would be doing the Duke of BROGLIE gross injustice to compare him with men who only differ from Bonapartist adventurers in that they bear historic names and were once supposed to be high-minded. But though he might fairly resent being classed with them, it must not be forgotten that they were the allies of his deliberate choice. A year ago the Orleanist party had to all appearance the fate of France in their hands. If they had frankly allied themselves with M. THIERS, they might have founded a Conservative Republic under conditions more encouraging than two years earlier seemed at all within the bounds of reasonable expectation. They threw this chance away rather than surrender the last hope of restoring the Monarchy. Even when their eyes were opened by the Count of CHAMBORD's letter, fortune was again kind to them. If under cover of the Septennate they had been willing frankly to organize the Republic, they might have commanded sufficient strength in the Assembly to set the Legitimists at defiance. Instead of doing so, they made common cause with the Legitimists to stave off the Republic, and the vote of Saturday last has been their reward. It remains to be seen whether the Duke d'AUDIFFRET PASQUIER or the Duke DECAZES will have learnt wisdom from the fate of their leader.

#### MR. SCLATER BOOTH'S RATING BILL.

A BILL introduced by the Government to amend the law respecting the liability and valuation of certain property for the purpose of rates is less ambitious than some recent measures of the same kind, and it is juster and more practicable. In the last Session the House of Lords rejected, on the ground that sufficient time had not been allowed for consideration, a Bill by which Mr. STANSFIELD, then President of the Local Government Board, proposed to extend the area of rating. His successor will have little difficulty in passing his Bill through both Houses. In the course of the autumn Mr. STANSFIELD, misapprehending like others of his colleagues the feeling of the country, used the failure of his Bill as an argument for the abolition of the House of Lords. No revolutionary scheme has ever rested on a more trivial foundation. Little harm could be done by the maintenance for one year more of inequalities which have lasted for three centuries; and if the Peers entertained any suspicion of the ulterior designs of the former promoters of the Bill, they are now reassured by the accession of their own friends to office. Some relief has already been afforded

to ratepayers, and additional contributions from the public revenue have been promised with more liberality than wisdom. The kinds of property which are henceforth to become rateable will be exempt from a part of the cost of maintenance both of lunatics and policemen. The exemptions which are to be removed have been invidious, since they have furnished a pretext for agitation.

It would be difficult to prove that land devoted to the growth of wood, or valuable rights of shooting, or metaliferous mines, were entitled to an immunity not accorded to pasture, to arable, or to coal-mines. The owners of woods, of mines, and of land devoted to sporting, have watched recent projects of legislation with jealousy, because they had some reason to fear a reaction by which excessive taxation would be substituted for exemption. Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. GLADSTONE had more than once uttered mysterious threats against the landowners who had presumed to oust them on the motion of Sir MASSEY LOPES. That land profitably occupied ought to share in the burdens of other land is wholly indisputable; but it would have been easy to devise rules of assessment which would have been iniquitous and oppressive. Mr. SCLATER BOOTH, probably feeling no animosity against landlords or tenants, and having no object but to abolish existing anomalies in the simplest manner, has framed a Bill which will give general satisfaction. The occupiers who are at present exclusively liable to rates will in some districts obtain sensible relief, in addition to the satisfaction of fixing a new liability on landowners. The only provisions of the Bill which are likely to cause serious discussion are the clauses which relate to the taxation of mines. It may be doubted whether the rent under a lease granted without fine for the ordinary term, according to the custom of the country, indicates in all cases with sufficient accuracy the rateable value of the mine. The value of land used only for a plantation or a wood is to be estimated as if the land were let and occupied for other purposes in its natural and unimproved state. It commonly happens that the most barren and inaccessible parts of an estate are planted because they are comparatively useless for any other purpose. It may be approximately calculated that in such cases the growth of wood produces at long intervals a return which corresponds to the annual profits of ordinary land of equal fertility. A larch plantation of forty years' growth may probably be worth a sum equal to a rent of fifteen shillings an acre for the same period. In the case of woods, as in the case of game, the occupiers who form the majority of the Assessment Commission may perhaps be biased against a kind of property in which they have no interest. The simple rule of valuation established by this Bill will render any gross injustice difficult or impossible. The value of saleable underwood, which is rated under the Act of ELIZABETH, is to be estimated as if the land were let for that purpose. In this instance also it will be easy to ascertain the value of the underwood in the hop districts, which are principally concerned in the valuation of underwood. If the land is used partly as plantation or wood, and partly for the growth of underwood, the Assessment Commission may at their choice value it either as wood or as coppice-wood; and of course it is intended that they should prefer the higher valuation.

Rights of shooting and fishing, when severed from the occupation, are also to be included in the list of rateable hereditaments. It is only within thirty or forty years that rights of sporting have acquired any considerable pecuniary value. In former times an owner who cared nothing for shooting generally allowed friends or neighbours to sport over his land; and the enormous head of game which is now maintained in many parts of England was altogether unknown. Lord PALMERSTON describes, in a letter published in his biography, a day's shooting for which he had posted down to Hampshire and back, with the result of less than a dozen head falling to three guns. The costly preserves and the high sporting rents of modern times fully justify the proposed extension of the area of rating. The provisions of the Bill with respect to the assessment of rights of sporting seem to be unobjectionable. When the owner, according to the usual practice, lets land, and retains the game for himself, his right of shooting is not to be separately valued; but the gross value of the land is to be estimated as if the occupier were entitled to exercise the right, and, if the rateable value so estimated is greater than the actual rent, the occupier may deduct the difference from the next payment. Assessment Commissioners will generally be inclined to add a percentage to the actual rent on

account of the reservation of the right of sporting; and in some parts of the country where the tenantry is of a comparatively high class, the occupier would often be willing to pay a reasonable addition to his rent for the right of sporting. Small farmers, though they may grumble at the game even when it is scanty, would seldom be willing to purchase the opportunity of either preserving or destroying it. No provision is made for rating rights of fishing where they are occupied with the land; yet in some rivers fisheries are more valuable than any right of shooting. It is only when rights of shooting or of fishing are let that they are to be separately rated. The Bill contains the curious provision that in such cases the rate may, according to the discretion of the local authority, be charged either on the owner or the occupier. The lessees of grouse hills and deer forests will be the principal sufferers by the proposed enactment, because the constantly increasing competition may probably enable the owners to keep up the prices of their shootings. The grievances endured by the unfortunate tenants will, it is to be feared, meet with little sympathy. In Scotland the addition of the rate to the rent will not exceed a small percentage. If the taxation of rights of shooting in cultivated districts were to discourage the practice of letting, the Bill would diminish one source of discontent. Tenants naturally grudge a stranger the privileges which they might tolerate when they are exercised by the landlord; and the person who hires a right of shooting is in the great majority of cases anxious to make the most of the bargain by strict preservation.

Mines of every kind, not mentioned in the Act of the forty-third of ELIZABETH, are to be subjected to rates; but the mode of rating defined by the Bill applies only to tin and copper-mines. It is doubtful whether lead-mines and fields of ironstone are covered by the enacting portion of the Bill. It is generally admitted that mines ought to be rated; but there will probably be an animated controversy on the provisions of this part of the Bill. Minerals are in the nature rather of capital than of income, as the process of exhaustion commences with the opening of a mine. The Government has judiciously declined to adopt Mr. GOSCHEN'S proposal of rating houses by some arbitrary standard of their estimated cost. There is no reason why houses should not, like other kinds of property, be rated at the rent for which they might be let. A large mansion is in many instances a heavy burden, and, except in the limited number of cases when it would command a high rent, it is not a source of profit to the owner. Rates are imposed, not according to the wealth of the contributor, but in proportion to pecuniary value. Woods and game may be turned into money, but a poor man with a large house has seldom the opportunity of deriving profit from the possession. As Mr. STANSFIELD approves of the reintroduction of his own measure, it may be supposed that the Bill will pass without serious opposition.

#### THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA IN BELGIUM.

THE Emperor of Russia has left England for Belgium, where he will no doubt be received with as cordial a welcome as he found here; and if to enjoy a contrast gives him pleasure, he will not have a better opportunity of tasting this enjoyment than by exchanging London for Brussels. He leaves a country which is of all countries in Europe the best protected geographically, and he enters a country which is the worst protected. Belgium, in fact, is not protected at all, except by a sort of feeling that it is better that it should be left alone. But, although it has now had nearly half a century of independent existence, it has always lived in danger of seeing its independent existence come to an end. It was the creation of politicians, and politicians may any day undo what politicians established. Other little nations have their anxieties. They may be bullied by a powerful neighbour, or have a slice of their territory torn away from them. But the peculiarity of Belgium is that the question which perpetually presses on it is not whether it shall undergo some humiliation or loss, but whether it may not wake up some morning and find that there is no Belgium at all. No Power except Prussia objected so strongly as Russia to the separation of Belgium from Holland, and no Power was less likely in those days to look with favour on the erection of revolted provinces into a petty kingdom placed under the patronage of France. The previsions of those who pointed out the danger of thus creating a field for French ambition and intrigue have not

been realized, but they have been in a great measure justified by what has actually taken place. Belgium has been twice on the eve of annexation to France, although both times the schemers of the change were baffled or lost courage at the last moment. It is true that England is deeply interested in the integrity of Belgium. It is a matter of considerable importance to England that Antwerp should not fall into hands at once unfriendly and powerful. It is also a point of honour with us that we should not be openly disgraced by failing in our engagements to a little Power which we have always invited to lean on us. Belgium also has gone on so well, has been so lucky in its sovereigns, has kept up with England social relations of such cordiality, and is altogether such a respectable, decent, well-conducted little State, that Englishmen would feel indignant if against its will it were eaten up by a big neighbour. But England is the only real friend that Belgium has ever had. Prince BISMARCK was quite ready to listen to, as he says, or to invent, as M. BENEDETTI says, an audacious proposal for letting France have Belgium in return for Germany having corresponding advantages. Neither party to the project considered that Russia would object, or that England could object effectually if the principals came to an agreement. Possibly, however, Belgium may now seem of more importance to Russia than it did in former days, and it may become part of Russian policy to uphold the very independence to which it was once so much opposed. If this is so, the visit of the EMPEROR to the King of the BELGIANS may contribute in some indefinable way to the growth of an interest in Belgium on the part of those who have the disposal of the forces of Russia. Visits of Sovereigns are of absolutely no political effect if the friendliness they temporarily manifest is not in accordance with national interests. The visit of the King of PRUSSIA to Paris at the last Exhibition is a memorable instance of this. But when feeling and interest go together, the interchange of civilities is something more than a mere matter of ceremony.

The war between France and Germany did much to change the position of Belgium. It committed England avowedly and formally to intervention on behalf of its little ally. The risk we ran was then extremely slight, as Germany was not in the least disposed to attack Belgium, and France even at the beginning of the war was too well aware of the seriousness of the task before her to wish to have a quarrel with England on her hands. After the tide of German invasion had once begun to roll over France, there was necessarily no danger whatever of France being strong enough to think of threatening any State outside her. But the result of the war has been to create a new danger to Belgium. It is true that France has now quite enough motive to go to war without regarding Belgium as the prize of victory. The recovery of Alsace and Lorraine is enough in itself to satisfy the ambition of Frenchmen. But it is only through Belgium that France can now get at Germany. Belfort does not open the door to a French army seeking to pass into Germany, as such an army would find itself hemmed into a corner with the Rhine on the one side and the Swiss frontier on the other. Had Luxemburg remained a German fortress, the avenue into Germany on that side would have been closed also. But now that Luxemburg, mainly through the intervention of England, has been dismantled, it is just possible that a French army could find its way through in that direction. But to get there it must violate the neutrality of Belgium. France might indeed remain on the defensive, but what chance could it have of getting back Alsace and Lorraine if it remained quiet or merely tried to retake Metz and Strasburg? The Germans would have every advantage in such a war. They would fight as little or as much as they pleased, and they could take care that the seat of war was exclusively on French soil. The character of the French army and of the French people would also tell adversely to the chances of national success in such a contest. What the army and the people like is something rapid, brilliant, and daring at the outset, a great venture and a few victories to encourage them at first. They could in a German war only get these things by breaking into Germany as soon as war was declared. The French could only get into Germany by going through Belgium, and to go through Belgium would be, or ought to be, to come to a rupture with England. When a new war between France and Germany is spoken of as if it were a light matter, it is forgotten that the French, to win, must attack, and that to

attack they must quarrel with England. We might or might not wish for an alliance with Germany, but the alliance would be inevitably forced on us. England is really the German fortress that replaces Luxemburg, and, without national vanity, we may venture to say that the substitution is not one that Germany need regret.

The German papers have recently occupied themselves with pointing out that the visit of the EMPEROR to England is a pledge that peace will be preserved. Of course it is more or less a pledge that peace will be preserved as between Russia and England, but it is not at first sight so obvious what the Imperial visit here has got to do with the preservation of peace between France and Germany. But the fact that the EMPEROR leaves England to go to Belgium serves as an explanation of what the Germans mean. France must, if it is the assailant and chooses to pick a quarrel with Germany, go to war with England also. But it would be madness for France to encounter such a risk unless it was sure of an alliance with Russia. Russia, if it went to war in alliance with France, would enter on the contest not merely to help France, but for objects of its own, and the objects it would propose to secure are such as England would do its utmost to place beyond the reach of Russia. As Russia cannot ally itself with France against Germany without finding England on the side of Germany, it must see its way to a great struggle with England before it accepts a French alliance. If then it does not mean to quarrel with England, and thinks that Constantinople and India may stand over for the present, it will not commit itself to help France. The better, therefore, the relations between England and Russia, the less chance is there of a new war between France and Germany. If the peace of Europe is for a time to be maintained, the best sign of this is the exhibition of cordiality between Russia and Belgium, as the violation of Belgian independence would be one of the first consequences of war being declared, supposing that it was France that provoked the war, and there is no chance of such a violation unless Russia sanctions it. If Germany were to be the assailant, if there was any foundation for the suspicions often expressed as to the policy of Prince BISMARCK, and it were true that he wished for another war simply to crush France before it has had time to recover, then Belgium might probably have nothing to do with such a war; and England, if it had anything to do with it, would be concerned, not as protector of Belgium, but as interested in the maintenance of the public law of Europe, if we may assume for the moment that there is such a law, and that England has some wish to maintain it. Generally, however, when the probability of a new French and German war is discussed, what is meant is a French war of revenge, and against such a war it is not very far-fetched in German politicians to see a safeguard in the visits of the EMPEROR to London and Brussels.

#### PATRONAGE IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

THE question of patronage is under discussion in both the Established Churches of Great Britain. For Scotland the Government has undertaken to effect a radical change in the law; for England the House of Lords has appointed a Committee of Inquiry. It is unfortunate perhaps that the Bill and the Committee should have come into being in the same Session. The coincidence gives an accidental and misleading colour to the notion that patronage is at bottom the same thing in the two Churches, and that it is only a question of time when the precedent about to be set in Scotland shall be copied in England. This makes it important to show that, as a matter of fact there is no connexion between the two cases. In Scotland the system of patronage has always been a weakening and disrupting force within the Church; in England it has been a strengthening and cohesive force. In Scotland it has taken away from the popularity and universality of the Established Church; in England it has had a directly contrary effect. In Scotland its abolition is widely demanded, and may be hoped to exercise a healing and softening influence on the schisms which divide the Presbyterian body; in England there is no popular cry for any change, and such a change as that which it is proposed to introduce into Scotland would be a simple cause of confusion. Consequently it is perfectly possible to agree with the Government as regards its Scotch Bill, while deprecating any change in the same direction in this country.

The reason why patronage has worked so differently in Scotland and in England is to be looked for partly in the social position of the Presbyterian clergy, and partly in the doctrinal and ceremonial unity of the Presbyterian Church. The wealth of the Church of England, and the dignity conferred on her by the fact that her bishops are Peers of Parliament, have converted the system of patronage into an arrangement between equals; while the poverty of the Scotch Church has ordinarily made patronage an arrangement between superior and inferior. The lay patron in the one case has exercised his right in favour of a relation or a friend; in the other case he has more often exercised it in favour of a dependent. Consequently, the presentee in the Church of Scotland has possessed neither the social dignity which goes with a family living, nor the popularity which goes with election. He is imposed upon his congregation without any act of their own, and he does not often possess the title to respect which belongs to a presentee who is of the same rank with his patron. The system of patronage has been one main cause why the Church of England has maintained up to this time her immense comprehensiveness. Supposing that all the livings had been in the gift of the bishops or of the Crown, we should have had a series either of purely party appointments, or of appointments expressly designed to exclude men of pronounced views. In the former case the balance would have leaned almost entirely to one side, for from the Revolution downwards Bishops of decidedly High Church views have been merely exceptions to the general tendency of Episcopal opinion. In the latter the clergy would have held aloof from the religious movements of their time, and secessions such as that of the Wesleyans would probably have occurred again and again. The fact that a large proportion of livings are in the gift of private hands ensures the representation of all schools of thought within the Church. There has been no sudden rush in one direction or the other, but a steady intermingling of men of views as widely different as can be held by men who are assumed to be agreed upon all essential points. Nothing but private patronage could have secured this to anything like the same extent. A system of popular election would have been just as fatal to it as a system of Episcopal or Royal appointments. In every congregation there would have been a majority for some one set of opinions, and a clergyman once chosen for his acceptance of the views of the majority would naturally have done his best to make those views take permanent root in the congregation. But under a system which legally leaves the patron free to appoint anybody he likes, on any ground that he likes, and morally saddles him with no obligation beyond that of choosing a man who will be useful in the parish, every shade of opinion gets represented in due course. On the other hand, in a Church where, at least in the sense in which the term is understood in this country, there is no difference of opinion, this advantage cannot operate. The patron may impose a clergyman upon an unwilling congregation; but the reason why the congregation dislikes the appointment will ordinarily be that the presentee is unfitted in some way for the work entrusted to him. If the quarrels about patronage in the Church of Scotland had arisen from incumbents belonging to one school of theology being nominated to congregations belonging to another school of theology, they would at all events have prevented stagnation. But where these quarrels have arisen from an incompetent incumbent being presented, they can only be regarded as unavailing efforts on the part of the people to escape from stagnation. Their subsidence is not, as in the former case, attributable to the growth of liberality and tolerance consequent on the friction of different opinions; it only signifies that the malcontents have either ceased to take interest in religious matters or have migrated to some other communion.

It is probable, therefore, that the respective modes of dealing with the question indicated for Scotland in the speech of the Duke of RICHMOND, and for England in the speech of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, though seemingly so different from one another, have the common merit of suiting the circumstances against which they are directed. The Duke of RICHMOND says that nothing short of the entire abolition of patronage will meet the wishes of Scotch Churchmen. The Bishop of PETERBOROUGH has no wish to abolish patronage, nor would he prevent the free passing of the right of patronage from hand to hand. All that he proposes is to deal with the sale of next presentations—which in many cases is equivalent to the sale, not of the right to present to a

benefice, but of the benefice itself—and to increase the powers of the Bishop in case of grossly unfit appointments. In principle both these changes are clearly right. There is no reason why the right of presenting to livings should not be bought and sold. Indeed, as the action of a clergyman over his parishioners is one of the most important means of exercising useful influence, to buy the right of giving fit men these immense opportunities for good seems one of the most natural forms of philanthropic expenditure. To buy the right of immediately appointing yourself to a particular parish is a wholly different transaction, and the abuses to which it has proved to be open are quite serious enough to call for legislative intervention. In Scotland a reform of this moderate kind would apparently answer no useful purpose. The abuses connected with patronage there have little to do with the money aspect of the question. Indeed, when it is remembered that the average value of a presentation in Scotland is only one year's purchase, while in England it is sixteen years' purchase, money abuses can hardly be said to exist. But with Presbyterian congregations patronage is a matter of principle. They are great sticklers for Church authority, and in a Presbyterian church the appointment of ministers is the principal mode in which Church authority can be exercised. The Government have done wisely in vesting the nomination in the communicants—that is, in the congregation, properly so-called—rather than in the parishioners. Some opposition will probably be made to this provision on the plea that it is inconsistent with the theory of an Established Church. But the theory which makes the essence of Establishment to consist in the assumed co-extension of the Church and the nation has long ceased to have any meaning. The Churches of England and Scotland remain established, not because every subject of the Crown in the two countries respectively is regarded as belonging to them, but because a sufficient majority of the people in each case belongs to them to make it convenient for the State to maintain special relations with them in the shape of privileges conferred and control maintained. It is idle to talk about parishioners in any other than a civil sense in a country which within thirty years has witnessed a schism which literally split the Established Church in two. To make the right to appoint the minister a mere accident of residence, no matter whether the person claiming it were a member of the Free Kirk or a United Presbyterian, or perhaps not a Presbyterian at all, would be to retain the very element which has made patronage so unpopular in Scotland. Nothing would be gained by taking it from the hands of lay patrons, and committing it to a popular body outside the Church. At the same time it might be well if provision could be made, by the reservation of a certain amount of Crown patronage, for the occasional correction of popular violence. The State cannot wholly escape responsibility for the acts of the Church so long as the connexion between the two is even nominally maintained; and if every man of liberal and moderate views is to be banished from the Church of Scotland, this responsibility will become both unpleasant and discreditable. A Church in which there is no room for minorities can be neither great nor useful, and unless some efficient counterpoise to mere election can be introduced into the Government Bill, minorities are likely to have a bad time of it in the Presbyterian Establishment.

#### IRISH RAILWAY GUARANTEES.

THE unfavourable anticipations which were formed of the Parliamentary conduct of the new Irish members have thus far not been realized. One at least of their number has shown himself an effective debater; and discussions of matters really important to Ireland have been earnestly and ably conducted. The O'CONOR DON lately moved a resolution on railway guarantees which produced an instructive debate. The motion raised two dissimilar issues. Some members objected to the principle of guarantees, and others to the constitution of Grand Juries. It may be contended that an aristocratic body, not elected by the ratepayers, ought not to be recognized by Parliament as representing the county. One of the speakers took the trouble to prove the undisputed proposition that the Grand Jury has no power to originate a tax. In Irish counties the Presentment Sessions, consisting of some of the largest ratepayers in each barony associated with the justices, recommend the local expenditure which is afterwards

sanctioned by the Grand Jury. Neither body can grant a guarantee for any public enterprise on behalf of the ratepayers; nor indeed would the interference of Parliament be required if there were a local authority with a general power of taxation. In the absence of any institution of the kind, Parliamentary Committees have not unreasonably relied on the opinion of the only organized bodies which happen to exist. Grand Juries, supported in some instances by Presentment Sessions, have voted in favour of guarantees, which have consequently received Parliamentary sanction. There can be no doubt that the greatest benefit which can be conferred on a remote rural district in Ireland is the construction of a railway. Roads are few, commercial intercourse is stagnant, and agricultural progress is checked by the difficulty of reaching a market. In some instances counties have never been called upon for payment of the guarantee which they have given, and in other cases guaranteed railways have become self-supporting as soon as they have had time to create for themselves a traffic. In some parts of Ireland cattle, butter, pigs, and cheese have doubled their value as soon as a railway has been opened; and purchasers in the towns of England have received a corresponding advantage. Demonstrations that a highly profitable investment is theoretically irregular produce but a feeble conviction. A rate of threepence or fourpence in the pound for five or ten years is a small price to pay for a great addition to the wealth of the community.

One objection to guarantees was suggested with remarkable candour by Mr. CONOLLY, who complained of the possible competition with existing railways which might be caused by the projection of new enterprises. There is no reason why Railway Companies in Ireland or elsewhere should not receive due protection against unnecessary competition; but it can scarcely be supposed that a guarantee would be recommended by the landowners of a county unless a railway were really required. The Sligo and Leitrim scheme to which Mr. CONOLLY referred was intended to accommodate a district entirely devoid of railway accommodation, although it was possible that the proposed line might divert a certain amount of traffic from the Midland Great Western. It happened that on the same day the House of Lords ordered by a small majority the recommittal of the Sligo and Leitrim Bill, which had been rejected by a Select Committee on an objection to the guarantee. The Midland Great Western Company had opposed the Bill on its merits, but the question was decided on other grounds. The Committee in the first instance refused to sanction the guarantee; and, as the promoters had stated that the guarantee was indispensable, the Committee logically rejected the whole project. Unluckily it had happened that in former cases guarantees had been sanctioned only when they were unopposed; and the Committee hastily inferred that a precedent had been established for requiring an impossible unanimity. In the particular case only one considerable proprietor objected to the guarantee, and yet his name was not attached to the petition. If the decision had not been questioned, an entire stop would have been put to the extension of railways in Ireland. Such enterprises offer little attraction to speculative English capitalists; but there are always large sums of money ready to be invested at a moderate rate of interest on sufficient security. Objections which were raised in both Houses to the guarantee of dividends on ordinary stock rest on no sufficient foundation. Undertakers of public works can obtain money most advantageously by consulting the inclinations of all classes of capitalists. Some lenders only require security for a fixed interest, while others prefer an investment of a more elastic character. Guarantees of interest and of minimum dividends are equally legitimate. The Committee which will now reconsider the Sligo and Leitrim Bill may perhaps again think it expedient to reject it; but it will loyally conform to the deliberate judgment of the House of Lords that opposition is not a conclusive argument against a guarantee.

The O'CONOR DON urged forcible reasons for some change in the mode of sanctioning or recommending railway guarantees. Grand Juries would probably not be better qualified to discharge their duties if they were constituted by popular election; but it would be impossible to grant them, under their present constitution, new powers of taxation; and it is equally impossible to deny that in recommending to Parliament the sanction of guarantees they overstep the limits of their legal authority. One

remedy which was suggested for the present anomaly was the adoption of new Standing Orders, by which a certain proportion of assets might be required as the condition of considering the expediency of a guarantee. There are many precedents for the plan, as, for instance, in Acts which have been passed for the settlement of the affairs of insolvent Railway Companies. A certain majority of the holders of each separate class of securities or stocks must concur before the consolidation of different kinds of shares, or in some cases the issue of additional capital, will be allowed by Parliament. On the same principle the consents of owners are required to Drainage Bills, and to other enterprises which affect the interests of special districts. Only those who are practically acquainted with Ireland can form a judgment whether it would be possible to obtain by a system of voting-papers the genuine opinion of a county or a barony on a proposal for guaranteeing a new railway. It is possible that demagogues might persuade their followers that a new railway project was an English plot; and the priests probably approve of railway extension as little as of any other innovation which tends to loosen the ties between the people and the soil. A sounder opinion might be expected from the landowners; but if they were allowed to determine the expediency of the guarantee, they might be reasonably required to pay a certain proportion of the tax.

The opponents of guarantees avail themselves, as might be expected, of the commonplace objections to railway enterprise. It is in their opinion probable that money raised by taxation would be used to promote the interests of engineers and contractors. It is of course possible that when money is forthcoming for a public work, it may be employed to some extent for the benefit of those to whom it is entrusted; but the risk of irregularity is a reason for vigilant precaution, and not for inaction. That a railway through a rural Irish district may be profitable to promoters, and that it may impose the smallest possible liability on those who guarantee the capital, it is above all things necessary that it should be cheaply constructed. A railway costing for land and works only 6,000*l.* or 7,000*l.* per mile requires a gross mileage traffic of one-tenth of the amount to pay 5*l.* per cent. on the outlay. No abstruse calculation is needed to prove that a very moderate amount of traffic will relieve those who give the guarantee from their nominal liability. It is proper and necessary that engineers and contractors should be duly remunerated; and it is for their employers to take care that they make no unreasonable profits. As far as contractors are concerned, any arrangement which renders their business less speculative tends to economy in the construction of railways. When the price of contracts is paid wholly or partly in shares, the terms of construction become more onerous, inasmuch as the capitalist has to insure himself against the risk of failure. In Ireland indeed it would be impossible to induce contractors to make railways on the chance of future profits. It is always more or less uncertain whether a railway will produce a large return to the undertakers, but it never fails to increase the prosperity of the districts which it opens for intercourse and trade. It seems reasonable that the owners and occupiers who receive the advantage should be allowed the opportunity of facilitating useful enterprise.

#### OUR IMPERIAL VISITOR.

THE Czar—or EMPEROR of All the Russias, as it seems he prefers to be called, rather to the confusion of some worthy Common Councilmen, who can remember only one Russia when they were at school, and wonder how many there are now in the family—has come and gone, and it may be assumed that he carries away with him a not unpleasant recollection of his brief and busy visit. There is at least no reason why he should not. He has been shown everything which it was thought would interest him, official persons have applied themselves energetically to the formalities of welcome, and his reception by the people, though perhaps somewhat cold and languid, has been perfectly respectful. There has indeed been no enthusiasm, but then there was no occasion for enthusiasm. It is impossible to say that the recent policy of Russia towards this country has been either friendly or honourable, and it is ridiculous to suppose that such incidents as the repudiation of the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris, or the violated pledge in regard to Khiva, are to be wiped out of

the account merely because the EMPEROR chooses to look in upon us for a day or two. These are things which cannot and ought not to be forgotten, but it would have been equally foolish and unmannerly to make the EMPEROR personally responsible for them. Questions of policy are properly left to responsible Ministers, and it must be presumed that Lord DERBY and his predecessor have said all that it is necessary or desirable to say in answer to Prince GORTCHAKOFF's despatches. English statesmen of all parties are agreed that nothing has occurred in the relations between this country and Russia to justify hostilities; and it is hardly worth while to hisse a potentate with whom you hesitate to go to war. At the same time it would be unfortunate if the EMPEROR were led to misunderstand the good-natured attentions which have been shown to him by all classes, or to imagine that there is no limit to the meek endurance of the English people. Political differences ought not to affect the interchange of personal courtesies; but personal courtesies ought not to be strained to bear more than their natural and simple meaning. It was perhaps inevitable that the usual nonsense should be written on a subject of this kind. A number of people who had nothing better to do went into the streets to see what the EMPEROR was like, and this harmless curiosity is represented as the deliberate homage of a great nation to the Liberator of the Serfs. On the other hand, the EMPEROR tried to look as pleasant and amiable as possible while receiving complimentary addresses, and bowed graciously to the crowds; and these commonplace civilities, only the absence of which would have been remarkable, are construed into an expression of fervent affection for England and intense admiration of English institutions. Then again, because actually no alteration took place between the EMPEROR and any of the diplomatists who waited on him at Buckingham Palace, because there were only sweet smiles and soft words, the advent of a millennium of peace is immediately proclaimed. It is difficult to conceive upon whom these imbecilities are intended to impose. Unless the EMPEROR and his visitors had preserved a Quaker-like silence, it was impossible that they should have exchanged any but respectful salutations. The EMPEROR has repeatedly announced that he is anxious for peace; but every monarch and statesman is anxious for peace unless he sees reason for going to war, and the Russian Government has lately seized more than one opportunity of showing that its desire for peace does not imply any self-restraint in pushing forward its own designs. Peace on such terms may satisfy the Peace Society, but hardly anybody else. When a Spaniard receives a guest, he assures him that his house and family and everything that he possesses are at his disposal; but disappointment would probably result from too literal an interpretation of this generous offer. The amiable things which have been said all round during the EMPEROR's visit must be taken with a similar qualification. There is nothing but good will towards the EMPEROR and his family, and a sincere desire for friendly relations with Russia as with all other nations, and no doubt the EMPEROR on his part, is very well disposed towards the country to which he has given his daughter; but there is no reason to suppose that the broad lines of either English or Russian policy will be very materially affected by these considerations.

If at the end of eight days the EMPEROR and the English people perfectly understand each other, it must be regarded as highly creditable to their acuteness and quick discrimination. The EMPEROR's supposed enthusiasm for English institutions did not lead him to visit the House of Commons, where he might perhaps have been amused by Home Rulers playing the part of Poles. The scanty representation of the ironclad fleet below Gravesend may possibly have given an apparent confirmation to Mr. WARD HUNT's rash depreciation of the national resources, if the EMPEROR judged only by what he saw, and not by the abundant information with which he is kept supplied at St. Petersburg by competent authorities. The sample of the army which was exhibited at Aldershot cannot fail to have suggested a favourable idea of the smartness and efficiency of English troops, but, compared with his own vast levies, this handful of men must have appeared a woeful skeleton. The ninety-four guns, which he saw next day on Woolwich Common, admirably horsed and manned, and the Ordnance Factories where we can produce with great rapidity an almost unlimited supply of powerful guns, may be supposed to have conveyed a higher notion of the military capacity of England. Possibly, however, what made most impression on our Imperial visitor may have

been the successful promptitude with which, when he was diverted from Gravesend, the preparations for his reception were transferred to Dover. The EMPEROR, when he went to Guildhall, may have remembered Baron HAUSSMANN's magnificence at the Hôtel de Ville; but the LORD MAYOR had certainly no reason to fear the comparison. The decoration of the civic palace had real artistic merit, and all the arrangements for accommodating and entertaining the vast company worked with perfect smoothness. It will be interesting to see whether the EMPEROR may not be disposed, among other English importations, to establish a Lord Mayor at St. Petersburg. The history of the office, if he had any one to explain it to him, would perhaps enable him to understand the toughness and complexity of the English administrative system. The Crystal Palace has come to play a curious part in State festivities. It has acquired a sort of semi-official connexion with the Court, and the crush on Saturday last was certainly quite equal to anything at a drawing-room. When a Sultan, a Shah, or a Czar visits our shores, it is natural that the public should wish to see him, and, on the other hand, as he is sure to be told by the newspapers, the great thing to see in this country is the people. At the Crystal Palace the foreign potentate and the people can have a good stare at each other, and take a common enjoyment in music and fireworks. In this way everybody is pleased, and if the foreign potentate does not think much of the people, or the people of the potentate, they can console themselves with the wonderful rockets and cascades of fire. On the whole, although the EMPEROR has seen perhaps as much as could be seen in eight days, it comes to very little, and if all he knows of England is what he has seen, he has much to learn. Unfortunately a monarch has never much chance of knowing anything at first hand, and the EMPEROR's impressions of England will probably continue to be derived as before from what he is told. Still the mere glimpse of human faces has a certain influence on the mind, and, as a rule, no one is ever so bitter against those he has seen as against those who are a mere name to him. This influence, within its limited range, will probably be at work both with the EMPEROR and with Englishmen; but it will have small effect except as a predisposition to mutual good will.

#### THE COMING AGE.

THE belief in progress and in the perfectibility of man has been the characteristic doctrine of a large school of political writers. Reformers naturally believe in the approach of a millennium which is to begin when their favourite measures are adopted; the philosophers who helped to bring about the French Revolution imagined that the reign of pure reason was about to supplant the reign of antiquated prejudice; and popular interpreters of the creed pushed the doctrine to the extreme of assuming that all social changes were invariably for the better. The cruel disappointments in which many recent experiments have ended have not entirely dispelled the illusion, though it scarcely shows such vigour as in the last generation. Many distinguished thinkers whose views are in no sense retrograde believe that, so far from improving, society is at the present time advancing with great rapidity towards a dissolution, or at least towards a catastrophe which may involve many generations. We need not ask whether the gloomy or the cheerful view be correct. It is at least tolerably plain that there is no such indisputable presumption as the old revolutionists supposed in favour of the continuous and universal progress of mankind. The most palpable facts of history flatly contradict any such hypothesis. The phenomenon which we call progress is clearly limited, both in time and place. A very large part, probably a great majority, of the human race, is, and generally has been, in a state of stagnation, and often of decay. It is only from the weakness of our imaginations, which prevents us from realizing how large a part of the whole population of the globe lies outside our circle of ideas and influences, that we are able to forget that the exceptions are much more numerous than the conformities to the rule. And, again, it is plain enough that even in the progressive races the progress does not extend to all the faculties. We are quite ready to allow that we cannot build, nor paint, nor write poetry as well as many people could do in former ages. The Greeks, to mention no other case, had certain artistic capacities which we seem to have lost as decidedly as we have lost the savage faculty for tracking footsteps through a forest. But, not to insist upon these very obvious qualifications to our self-complacency, it seems to be evident that the race, like the individual, must at some time or other reach its culmination. According to Mr. Herbert Spencer's not very cheerful view, the most probable theory of the universe implies a continual alternation of evolution and degradation. Once upon a time the whole solar system was collected into a vast inorganic mass, spinning at a great rate round its axis. Gradually it contracted, and each of the planets was shot off upon its own errand. As they cooled down, organic

life gradually appeared, and the forces which once wreathed the vapours and shook the earth's crust presented themselves in the shape of plants and monkeys, and ultimately of philosophers. But this condition can be no more permanent than that which preceded it. Nothing is eternal; in every system there is some little defect which will gradually upset the existing equilibrium. At some inconceivably distant period the planets will drop into the sun; the great masses now distributed through space will agglomerate themselves, and then, it may be, the process of evolution will make a fresh start, new solar systems will be developed, and the everlasting series of cycles be repeated. The speculation is a tolerably daring one, and probably Mr. Spencer himself, whose views we do not profess to have set forth with perfect accuracy, would lay very little stress upon it. It may, however, represent vaguely the kind of theory which suggests itself to the scientific imagination, even if the scientific reason pronounces that it lies beyond the legitimate bounds of human thought. Our guesses at the plan of the universe scarcely challenge implicit confidence. It is enough to say that there is no particular reason for supposing that this little atom of a planet will continue its course for ever, or that its inhabitants will go on—even if they have hitherto continued—getting steadily better, wiser, and happier. Analogy would rather suggest that in some way or other the most permanent of material objects will go through a period of decay, which may possibly be protracted through as many ages as the period of progress. And therefore there is no insuperable weight of antecedent presumption against the doctrine that the world has already seen its best days; though it would be lamentable to think that it could do no better. When one considers the vast amount of misery and stupidity which exists in the most civilized countries, and the immense improvements which might follow from even a slight rise in the general standard of intelligence and morality, it would be melancholy to believe that the improvements would never be realized. Still we have no right to decline to listen to the discouraging preachers who would tell us that the youth of the world has already departed, and that its manhood is declining into the imbecility of old age.

The question therefore suggests itself, what would be the proper attitude of mind if such a conclusion were clearly established? The popular prophets of progress are apt to represent their own view as the only one which would supply us with sufficient motives for activity. Men who are trying to make the world better would relax their efforts unless they had some certainty of success. And yet the converse view would be quite tenable. If it should be clearly established that we were gradually declining, we might still endeavour to make the process as tolerable as possible. Whenever the day comes, if it ever does come, at which the industrial power of England vanishes along with its coal-mines, we might perhaps reconcile ourselves with comparatively little reluctance, because without disgrace, to descend into the position of a second-rate Power. National decline when it results from demoralization is of course humiliating; but if it were due to a disappearance of the physical conditions essential to the greatness of a country, submission with a tolerably good grace might be the best possible policy. What is true of any particular nation would be true of the world. There are changes beyond the power of man to arrest, and, long before our planet has dropped into the sun, it will have become an unsuitable abode for civilized beings. Probably the most highly organized animals would be the first to feel the change, and would slowly depart from the scene, to leave the world in its second childhood, and allow the "monstrous eft," who was once its ruler, to resume his old pre-eminence. Before that happens, however, it would be as well to prepare ourselves for the coming event. The last age of man need not be merely a repetition of his barbarous infancy. Some of the lessons which he has learnt might enable him to decline with dignity, and to grow weak without becoming ferocious. There might be consolations in the old age of the race. Our remote descendants will indeed have many causes for humility. In their time the material advantages of civilization will have disappeared. They will preserve a railway engine or a fragment of telegraphic wire as mysterious implements which had a meaning to the ancients; and will visit with reverence the mouths of those huge caverns from which the extinct mineral was formerly extracted for purposes of fuel. Possibly, indeed, some of our machines will be invested with superstitious awe; for superstition, even of a degraded kind, is a growth which has not yet been extirpated, and which may possibly be expected to put forth new developments as the intellect grows weaker. For not only mechanical contrivances, but the intellectual achievements of our day, will become unintelligible as the vigour of the race declines. In the museums of that day there will be preserved specimens of examination papers, and men will tell each other with wonder that in distant ages, not only the most learned, but even lads who were plucked at the Universities, were able to understand those mysterious symbols. As the impulse which formerly created the fine arts declines, our descendants will be reduced first to merely mechanical imitation, and then, abandoning even that attempt, will be content to admire such relics as they are able to preserve. In those days Radicals and Conservatives will change places. Men of a sanguine temperament will hope that it may still be possible to keep alive for a few generations the arts and the political and philosophical theories bequeathed by a more vigorous race; whilst the despondent and melancholy will acquiesce in changes from which it will be generally recognized that no real improvement can be anticipated. War, it

may be hoped, will be discouraged, because the hot passions characteristic of youthful development will grow gradually weaker, and the wisest statesmen will admit that the nearest approach to stagnation is the greatest blessing which can be anticipated.

But we renounce the attempt to draw any adequate portrait of the supposed period. It has of late been very fashionable for imaginative writers to draw fanciful pictures of the coming age; and, to say the truth, it does not appear that any great strain upon the imagination is generally implied in such efforts. For the most part, the changes contemplated by these travellers to Utopia are of a very simple and obvious kind. They look forward to a few scientific discoveries, and endeavour to imagine the results of mankind acquiring the command of new powers of nature, and making use of forces which are to electricity what electricity is to steam. Undoubtedly if we could travel through the air, or kill our fellow-creatures by the million instead of the thousand, the external form of society would be considerably changed; but it does not follow that men's characters would be essentially different if they could take a morning's trip across the Atlantic as easily as they can now pay a visit to Brighton. Neither do the various theories which have been worked out as to the possible effect of extending women's rights strike us as very interesting. If, wherever there are now a man and a woman, there is to be at some future time a couple of men, things might be better or worse; but, except a slight increase of the general monotony, we do not know that any very remarkable effect would be necessarily produced. And therefore we venture to advise the next constructor of a fanciful future to try his hand at depicting society in a state of pronounced and recognized decay. The moral need not be altogether useless. He might, for example, show us to what extent the belief in indefinite progress, so frequently invoked by politicians, really colours our habitual views of life; and how far they would be altered by substituting an entirely different conception. And further, he might incidentally throw some light upon the problem, not altogether an uninteresting one, how far symptoms of such a change are already manifest to an acute mind. It would be possible to make out a very plausible case to show that our ordinary boasting rests upon a very insecure foundation, that we have already lost some powers once enjoyed by the race, and that even our most unquestionable achievements are compatible with a theory that the world is going in a very different direction from that which we too complacently assume to be inevitable.

#### SCOTCH MINISTERS.

THE question of Scotch Church patronage would be less easily disposed of than it promises to be were the value of Scotch preferments greater than it is. But even if the sale of advowsons had ever been in fashion in Scotland, the livings must necessarily have gone cheap, for the class who would have bid and bought had next to nothing to offer. The Scotch parish is not bestowed upon the son, brother, or cousin of the reigning patron as a comfortable subsistence in the meantime and a stepping-stone to something better. Probably in the long and troubled history of the Church since it shook itself free from the toils of the Scarlet Woman, there has never been an instance of the cadet of a noble family seeking ordination; and, if he had sought ordination, it would certainly have been from sheer devotion to the work, and not from the desire of filthy lucre. The livings are livings to men brought up with something less than moderate expectations; but for any one else they would be mortification, if not starvation. Take them all round the country, and we fancy we should not understate the average were we to place it at 200*l.* a year. And then it must be remembered that there are no prizes. There are one or two livings in rising cities where the glebe or church lands have been built over, and where the clergyman consequently draws a good income from ground-rents. There are one or two others where he has been lucky enough to happen upon a stone quarry of prime quality; for, although stones are a drug in Scotland generally, first-class granite or freestone is always valuable. But these are only the exceptions that prove the rule, and no youth of promise counts upon them when meditating the Church as his vocation in life. There are no spiritual peerages with palaces and proportionate revenues attached; no deaneries, canonries, prebends, precentorships. Your spiritual ministrations are simply remunerated by a modest competency, and the kirk in which you officiate is the type of your own quiet manner of living. Nowadays there are churches in the towns, since the disruption has provoked a sumptuous rivalry in ecclesiastical architecture, where wealthy congregations of the Free and Established communions vie with each other in richness of workmanship so far as this can be had within the limits of Scotch ecclesiastical etiquette. But in the rural districts the style of the Scotch parish church is pretty nearly invariable. Extreme severity predominates, with the most rigid attention to economy, and a holy horror of all that savours of ornamentation. The walls are solid, for stone is cheap. They are carefully whitewashed, for the parishioners are decent folk and scrupulously cleanly. But the prejudices of the people have always conspired with the parsimony of the heritors to banish all the beauties and graces. It is the heritors or landowners of the parish who are bound to provide it with the church and manse, and to keep both in sub-

stantial repair. They have seldom been rich; over a great part of the country the wealthier of them have always been Episcopalian, and naturally in neither the one case nor the other do they care to launch out in lavish expenditure. The true blue Presbyterians who form the bulk of the congregation play into their hands, and spare their pockets, by identifying external simplicity with the genuine sanctity of the heart and spirit. Hence it is that Presbyterians have always worshipped with complacency in those hideous barn-like edifices which disfigure some convenient eminence somewhere about the centre of each Scottish parish.

As the kirks are when contrasted with the English cathedrals and grand old parish churches, so are the ministers compared with the English clergy. They are drawn for the most part from the class of society whose ambition would otherwise have been limited to making a good livelihood out of a good farm, or getting into a comfortable medical practice in the country. The education of very many of them has been more or less of a struggle from first to last, carried on at a certain sacrifice to their relations. The candidate for orders has had the talent of the family; he has shown himself able as well as diligent at the parish school. He has been sent to the University at an early age—sixteen, fifteen, or possibly fourteen. He has preluded his career by competing for a "bursary," and, if he be worth the educating, has doubtless won one of the value probably of from 12*l.* to 35*l.* With some such moderate assistance, supplemented slightly from the funds of his family, or by his personal exertions, he may do very well. The session lasts for some five months in the winter time, and for the rest of the year he may live under his father's roof. He may work out his keep somehow on the paternal farm, and, if his origin be still more humble, as is not unfrequently the case, he may go in for rough daily labour for daily wages, always devoting his leisure to the prosecution of his studies. During the winter and the session he will try to eke out his means by teaching, and there are very few intending ministers who can afford to dispense with this resource. Then comes the course of his divinity studies, extending over three years or more; and the student is ready to be admitted to orders. When he is entitled to write Reverend before his name, it naturally is rather an anxious time with him. There is no intermediate state as in England in which he may support himself in more or less comfort as a curate, holding on in the hope of obtaining substantial preferment. He may be appointed assistant to some elderly minister who still clings to his post, or whose people may be unwilling to part with him although health or strength may be beginning to fail. But, except for some such rare chance, he must still live by his teaching till an occasion of preferment turns up. Pending that desirable consummation, and if he has no immediate expectations, he may very likely accept a parochial schoolmastership. But the objection to doing so is that a parochial schoolmaster is generally considered to have shamed himself, in a humble consciousness of the absence of those more brilliant gifts which would have made him a shining light in the pulpit. The shorter and more certain path to promotion used to lie in obtaining a tutorship in the family of some lord or laird who was likewise a patron. Many of the great Scotch landed proprietors have a dozen or even a score of livings in their gift. If the tutor had a clever head on his shoulders, and an eloquent tongue—still more, if he had a heartfelt sense of the responsibilities of the office to which he aspired—his bread and butter were generally cut for him in advance. He had plenty of opportunities for displaying his talent. The parish clergyman was always willing to be assisted in his arduous labours, and happy to place his pulpit at the disposal of the laird's *protégé*. When the youthful probationer preached the congregation was predisposed in his favour, and crowded the church with the gusto of epicures who like something fresh to tickle their palates. If his sermons came clearly from the heart, or if he were clever enough to steer between the Scylla of cold formalism and the Charybdis of high-flown sensationalism, his reputation grew rapidly, and the way to advancement was prepared for him. The "sough" went through the country side that the laird's tutor was a rising young man, who had the root of the matter in him, and who expounded a text to edification. So, when a vacancy occurred, the laird might exercise his patronage in favour of his dependent without any sense of invidious obtrusion. He "presented" a man who was pleasing to the people, and all parties were satisfied.

This easy manner of arranging matters belonged, however, rather to the earlier Erastian days, before revival and reaction had succeeded to the prevailing listlessness. When the Evangelical agitation had troubled the spirits of the Moderates, the parties came to a compromise with the feeling of the times by offering congregations a choice of candidates. They drew out a list, comprising six or a dozen eligible names, and the various competitors preached in rotation. This was a trying ordeal for the man who had everything to gain by obtaining a charge. Some of his rivals were "placed ministers," who entered the lists because their success would gain them a somewhat better living. These men came to the contest with an established character for eloquence or piety, and with an experience in which he was wanting. Their style was formed, and all they had to do was to pick the best sermons out of their abounding repertory and deliver them in their very best manner. The raw aspirant, on the other hand, had to produce his masterpiece for the great occasion. Naturally he was apt to get up upon stilts to compose it, and the consequence probably was that he spoke over the heads of his audience. Although they did not object to an incomprehensible word or an involved bit of argument in its proper place, there was nothing

they resented more than the idea that a lad was giving himself airs among them. Nor was it only the matter of his discourse that he had to be careful about; they were almost more critical over the manner of his delivery. It was enough to shake the courage of inexperienced youth to look down over the pulpit cushions into a great square pew beneath, brimful of austere elders, who were nothing at all if they were not severely dogmatical. And behind these were all the heads of families who had not been admitted to the parochial senate, but were all the more captious on that very account; and behind these again, the ancient women, even more irrationally fastidious than the elderly male critics. If he got through the ordeal with composure, they would be apt to condemn him for over-confidence; if, in modest depreciation of their judgment, he clung closely to his paper, and read out the discourse in tremulous accents, they would be disposed to shake their heads with contemptuous compassion, and pronounce him "over young for such an important charge." But then, again, there was always the chance, and a fair one, that their choice might light upon him with an enthusiastic assent. For, *ceteris paribus*, the congregation rather preferred a youth on his promotion to a "placed minister" with a made reputation. The gifts of the rising genius might redound to the credit of the parish that had recognized them; and his experienced parishioners might hope to mould him to their own tastes and ways. And if he did get through the critical occasion and secure his election, from a worldly point of view he was pretty well made for life. As there were no great prizes in the Church, he had no strong reason to desire a further change, unless indeed it was his ambition to make a hit as a popular preacher in the cities. He came into an income that seemed wealth to him. He stepped straight into a comfortable manse, with its garden, and its snug glebe, that gave him all the secular distractions he wanted in the way of farming. He became at once an eligible match in a matrimonial point of view, and all the well-to-do maidens of the parish set their caps at him, for it was generally held that the minister was in a manner bound to marry. So he settled into his place, and, like priests in Ireland and *curés* generally abroad, he became at once a clergyman of the people. While they met the man on a friendly footing, they tempered friendship and familiarity with a profound reverence for his office. And if the minister is somewhat exclusively the popular clergyman of a popular church, this is of the less consequence since the aristocracy of the Scotch rural districts belong for the most part to a different communion.

#### MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

A SCHEME has been lately put forward for providing the city of Manchester with a new cathedral church. It has been largely discussed in the local papers in letters coming from one who signs himself "A Member of the Chapter," and from the Bishop himself. It even appears that designs for such a building have been actually made, and that they are likely before long to be made public. But the interest in the matter has spread beyond Manchester; it has been more briefly noticed in more than one London paper, and the *Times* itself not long ago devoted a whole leading article to the subject. That article, like other signs in the same quarter, helps us to see how things look in the eyes of people who have no special knowledge of the matter in hand. The main argument was that the present church of Manchester is very unworthy to be the head church of so great a city, that Sir George Head, when he wrote about the manufacturing districts, did not think it worth while to say much about it, that altogether it would be a good thing to get rid of it and build something better. Like most popular ways of looking at a thing, there is in this rough and ready way of settling the question some truth mixed up with some error. There is no denying that the cathedral church at Manchester belongs to quite a different class of churches, and to a much lower class, than cathedral churches in general, and if the greatness of the city is to determine the greatness of its church, there certainly seems something specially incongruous in Manchester lagging so far behind Lichfield, Ely, Wells, or even St. David's. But we are not quite sure that it follows from this truth that it is desirable even to translate the episcopal chair of Manchester from the old church to a new one; still less are we sure that, if it be thought desirable to do so, it at all follows that the building of the new church need involve the pulling down, or worse than the pulling down, of the old one.

That Manchester Cathedral is something very inferior to, or to speak more accurately something very different from, cathedral churches in general is the necessary consequence of the history of the church and city. We have put our comparison in very guarded words, because it is quite unfair to compare Manchester Cathedral either with churches that were cathedral from the beginning or with the churches of great abbeys like Peterborough and Gloucester. It is a building of quite another kind, but it holds a very high rank in its own kind. It was not built to be the church of a bishopric or a great abbey, therefore it was not built like the church of a bishopric or a great abbey. The fabric is what from its history it might be expected to be, and that moreover is something intensely and distinctively English. It is a great English parish church, such as could not be seen out of England, and, from the circumstances of its history, it is something more. A rector of Manchester in the fifteenth century inherited a peccage and a great estate, and he employed part

of his wealth in founding a collegiate body in his parish church. The present church therefore arose, having its twofold character clearly impressed on the building. It is a great church, whose character is essentially parochial; only, as being also the church of a collegiate body, it has a choir of size and stateliness unusual in a merely parochial church. It does not affect, because there was no reason why it should affect, the character of an episcopal or abbatial minster. Simply put away the ideas suggested by the word "cathedral," compare the church of Manchester with churches of its own class, not with churches of quite another class, and it will certainly hold its own among the first of that class. Transport it to either of the regions of great Perpendicular parish churches; move it either to the East or to the West; set it down either at Norwich or at Taunton, and no one would despise it, even in the face of such formidable rivals as it would meet with.

Still there is the fact that Manchester, the greatest episcopal city in England after London—indeed, if we take the word London in the strictest sense, a greater city than London—has the smallest and the least dignified of our episcopal churches, except those of the village cities of North Wales. Modern arrangements made it convenient to place a new bishopric at Manchester, and to place its episcopal chair in the existing church of Manchester. As a fact, therefore, that church, however high it might stand among churches of its former rank, has been raised to a rank for which it is quite unsuited. Now in this Manchester does not stand quite alone. Nearly the same may be said of the episcopal city next in greatness to itself. Bristol also has a cathedral church quite unworthy of the greatness of the city; we might almost say, quite unworthy to be a cathedral church at all. It is a mere fragment of a church which, when perfect, would only just reach the second rank—the rank, not of Ely and Peterborough, but of Tewkesbury and Southwell. And not only this, but at Bristol, unlike Manchester, the episcopal church was distinctly surpassed by one of the parish churches of the city. The cause is the same as at Manchester; the bishopric of Bristol was a late foundation planted in a church which had never been designed for its new rank. Still at Bristol things could be easily mended; the church was a fragment, and it could be easily restored to its proper proportion. The nave is now again rising, and if its builders can only be persuaded not to crush it with needless western towers, they will have a church, not indeed designed for its present rank, but still not wholly unworthy of it. There is no such easy remedy at Manchester. There the church is a perfect and admirable one of its own kind, but of a different kind from what is wanted. There is no case for rebuilding, adding, or altering. Either the present church must be left alone—allowing for better arrangements inside—or something new must be built from the ground.

We confess that we have a lurking feeling in favour of the former alternative. We have no wish to throw cold water on a scheme which in itself is so noble as that of building a cathedral church in these later times. If it were Liverpool or Birmingham instead of Manchester, we should say, build up your minster by all means, and if you can make it outdo Ely and Winchester, so much the better. But Manchester has a history, and we should feel a certain pain at seeing that history quite wiped out, even in the favour of so great a work. We must confess to a certain satisfaction in seeing the history of the church and city written so plainly as it now is on the material fabric. The three-fold character of the building, parochial, collegiate, and cathedral, answering to as many stages in the history of the city itself, is there clearly to be read. We confess to a certain shrinking from forsaking the old site and the old associations. And if we got over this feeling, if we could think the jar on our historical memories more than made up by the prospect of a new Ely or even a new Beverley, we are at once haunted by another feeling. Are we the least likely to get a new Ely, or even a new Beverley? The new church will doubtless be bigger than the old one; have we any reason to think that it will be better? Have we that trust in our modern architects that we can, under any compulsion short of physical necessity, give up an ancient building to be supplanted by a new one?

Manchester Cathedral, whatever it is or is not, is English; it is a good specimen of a good type of English buildings. What is the new one likely to be? One trembles at the thought of the devices from France or Venice or the banks of the Rhine, from any part of the world in short except Old England, which our modern architects would be likely to show off on such a golden opportunity. And the prospect is yet more fearful, if the form of the scheme which seems to have won most favour should really be carried out. This is not the comparatively harmless process of pulling down the present church, as St. Wulstan did at Worcester—though to be sure he wept when he had done it—and building up the new one on the same site or close by it. It is the more wonderful and fearful process of incorporating the old church into something new, lengthening it, making the present church into the nave of a new one, raising the western tower and sticking on a central tower somewhere else; every frightful conception, in short, which might present itself as a hideous nightmare to an architect or antiquary suffering from indigestion. The people who propose these barbarous schemes clearly have no notion what a treasure they have in the present church; they can indeed have no notion what any church ought to be at all. The church, as it now stands, is a whole which excellently sets forth its twofold idea. But conceive nave and choir thrown into one, conceive the choir—one shudders to think of it—stripped of the exquisite woodwork which

makes it one of the most perfect things of its own kind, to form a long sprawling shapeless nave, attached to something which, if it is to have the peculiar character of a minster, must be something utterly incongruous with the ancient buildings to which it is to be tacked on. A well-designed ancient building has a meaning and a proportion of its own which is at once destroyed by this reckless kind of treatment. How, for instance, is the nave to be heightened? The building is well proportioned as it is, but what is to become of it if—the only conceivable way of heightening it—is to be built at random above the clerestory which would probably crush the pillars which were not meant to support it? Manchester Cathedral is architecturally a parish church, and it cannot be turned into a minster by heightening, lengthening, and adding to it. One might as well, because the cat and the lion both belong to the genus *felis*, try to turn the cat into a lion by sticking on him the mane and tail of his more majestic cousin. Barbarous as would be the notion of utterly destroying the existing church, it would be less barbarous than the notion of pulling it about in this reckless fashion, in the vain hope of changing it into something which it is not and never can be.

Our counsel then would be, if we could prevail so far, to leave things as they are, to let the city still keep the visible sign of its peculiar history; but, at all events, if there is to be a new and purely episcopal church built, let it be on some other site. Let the present church remain as one of the noblest of English parish churches, and let the new minster arise somewhere else. If the two could be placed near together, after the precedents of Coventry, Westminster, and Bury, it would be no harm; but at all events let the old church abide. It is part of the history of Manchester and of the history of England. It is a noble work of its own kind, suited for the purpose for which it was at first meant, and it ought not to be despised or thrust aside, still less put to the fearful tortures with which it is threatened, because it does not answer so well as another might a purpose which its founders never thought of.

#### M. OCTAIVE FEUILLET.

**T**O hear any one continually called the Virtuous may not only bore the public, it may end by becoming tiresome to the object of the monotonous praise. He fancies himself called upon to prove that, if he is correct, it is not for want of passions or of opportunities to be wicked; and he feels it to be due to himself to plunge into excesses for which perhaps he has very little taste. The literary career of M. Feuillet, the author of *Le Sphinx*, which is being played just now at the Princess's, is a remarkable example of the dangers of possessing too good a character. It is probable that people who have been disappointed in *Le Sphinx*, and who do not find *M. de Camors* peculiarly edifying reading, have wondered how M. Feuillet acquired his reputation for harmlessness. He used to be called "Le Musset des familles," and the qualification seems to promise an innocent quiet and respectable passions, which are not prominent in *Julia de Trécaur* and *Le Sphinx*. The fact is that some years have passed since M. Feuillet deserted the pious early manner which made his books so admirably suited to adorn the drawing-room table. Yet even in his latest works we may note remains, and what are called survivals, of an early condition of stately innocence, and didactic utterances. It may be worth while to trace the steps of a progress in which art has perhaps improved at the expense of morality.

The earlier successes of M. Feuillet were the deserved result of a keen eye for opportunities, and a readiness in seizing them. The Parisian public, naturally fickle, and corrupted perhaps by the constitutional monarchy of the period, was beginning to weary of the passions in tatters of the Romantic school. A play even of M. Hugo's—*Les Burgraves*—had only a moderate success. The master sent a message requesting a friend to introduce some young enthusiasts to act as an amateur *claque*. The friend was M. Célestin Nanteuil, a leader of the Romantic movement of 1830. He used to paint melancholy damsels in the stiff-neck and gold-leaf style, and his admiring comrades have recorded that he had *l'air moyen-âge*, and that his locks were like a nimbus. But M. Nanteuil had to answer despairingly, "Il n'y a pas de jeunes gênes." There were no more sweet enthusiasts; the year of grace 1830 had long gone by. People had ceased to be shocked at the license of the stage, but they had also ceased to care for the fevers and passions of De Musset, and had begun to suspect that something might be said on the side of common morality. This was the moment which M. Feuillet adroitly seized. He saw that he might be "all for virtue, and that sort of thing," like De Quincey's homicidal amateur, and yet be sentimental and suggestive. A wife might reclaim an erring husband, or a husband win back a wife on the point of error, by artifices which the audience appreciated, and which had the new merit of being on the side of honesty and of the family. Vice was made to hoist, in the usually quoted way, "with its own petard." Such pieces as *La clé d'or*, *La crise*, *Le cheveu blanc*, were the successful working out of this idea. They contained all the coquetry and all the ardour of De Musset; and, after all, no one was hurt, husband and wife were made happy, and the children were embraced on every side, as in the play of the *Rovers*. But there was another trait or trick of De Musset's which M. Feuillet also adapted to family use. This was the introduction of interesting sceptics, who were only too anxious to be able to believe. De Musset used to leave them in their sins; but M. Feuillet did better—he reclaimed them. To

be sure their conversion was usually the result of some happy accident which did not appear very germane to the matter of their theological difficulties. Thus the heroine of *Redemption* is an actress whose life is passed in dishevelled orgies—always good scenes on the stage—and in argument with a pious abbé. But she is brought back to the fold, not by the abbé, but by falling in love. Still, in one way or other religion and morality were reconstructed, and this was pleasing to the best sort of society.

M. Feuillet did not confine his method and his theology to the stage. Besides writing comedies and *proverbes*, he became known as the author of safe novels. Society pronounced that, unlike the tales of Feydeau and Houssaye, M. Feuillet's were romances which you could read, which you could put into the hands of young people. This was the happy result of his good sense in always making his heroes Bretons of high birth and Catholics, or with the makings of good Catholics. He chose his scenes from the life of country houses, and of excellent families who shunned the dangerous air of Paris. Persons of no birth were only introduced to be sneered at, and infidel men of science encountered painful shapes of social nemesis. Thus M. Feuillet won a large and aristocratic public, and smoothed his way to a chair among the Forty. His style was always impeccable and lively, the action of his pieces animated, his situations ingenious, his sentiments correct. And so he won the sweet voices of all the better sort of literary ladies. To be sure some people may have thought him almost too didactic in those early days. The history of *Sybille*, for instance, begins very much in the manner of Miss Edgeworth. Sybille is an orphan, living with her grand-parents, members as usual of one of the first families in Normandy. Even in her cradle Sybille is all soul. She cries for a star, and refuses to be comforted when she is prevented from riding round the lake on the back of a swan. But these early faults of character are corrected, and Sybille grows up one of those angel-children, with a passion for doing good to their elders, who are frequent in fiction, and not unknown in real life. She does good to the Abbé, to the village idiot, to her grandmother in Paris; she converts her governess, and wherever she goes, moral resolutions blossom in the dust of weary hearts, as they do when "Pippa passes." Even Sybille, however, had once her religious doubts, and was the female Musset of the nursery. But she is reconciled to the faith by observing the courage of the abbé in a shipwreck, and after her return she becomes a little intolerant. She refuses to marry her lover because he is an unbeliever, though an unbroken series of successes might have shown her that she could convert any one. This lover, by the way, has all the women in the book sighing for him, and is obliged to make a tour to Persia to cure his cousin of her hopeless affection. On his return he finds that the cousin still loves him, and as a man cannot always be in Persia, the position is becoming dangerous, when Sybille as usual rescues and reclaims the lady. But she can think of no way to bring conviction to her lover, except to die, which she does at the age of nineteen. With all her virtue there is an air of Blanche Amory and a certain staginess about Sybille; but it was a very popular staginess. Women, as Sainte-Beuve said, felt that there was a Sybille in their characters, and that in the proper circumstances they could have been all that she was. So the book was a success, though strictly speaking it was more a fantasy than a novel, and it increased M. Feuillet's deserved reputation for pleasant writing and correct opinions.

An even less equivocal success was *Le jeune homme pauvre*. This was the most popular novel of its year, and the shop of the bookseller who published it was besieged by carriages. The *jeune homme* of the tale finds himself ruined at the death of his father, and he has the fortitude to refuse his name to a promoter of companies, and his hand to a rich young lady whom he does not love. The faithful solicitor of his house gets him a situation as steward to a wealthy family in Brittany, and he solaces himself by keeping a voluminous journal of his experiences. If we can imagine one of Scott's most respectable young men born in the middle of our century, and relating how he was a good rider, a skilled artist, modest, brave, honest, how he leaped down from a lofty window out of regard for a lady's character, and how he was rewarded by marrying her, we have a fair idea of this novel. The Breton scenery is prettily described, and the romantic leap from the tower of Elven made the fortune of the play founded on the story.

Soon after the publication of *Le jeune homme*, M. Feuillet woke one morning to find himself permanently famous. M. Sainte-Beuve had consecrated to him one of the *Causeries de Lundi*. The great critic advised his young friend to desert his religious little girls and meritorious young men, and "to plunge into the vast ocean of human nature." Now M. Feuillet had already shown, in the play called *Dalila*, that he could deal with fiery passions if he liked. There is a fisherman in one of his novels who, when he is prevented from risking his life at a shipwreck, complains that people will hold him no higher than an Englishman. M. Feuillet was perhaps afraid that he also would become like one of those English novelists whom M. Taine sneers at (rather groundlessly) for their unceasing decency. So he took his critic's advice, plunged into the hidden depths of human nature, and brought up that very curious pearl *M. de Camors*. Now *Camors* is a novel which we cannot imagine an English author writing. M. Feuillet is for ever free from that reproach, and, like Richardson after Lovelace, no one can doubt that he can describe a consummate scoundrel. There is no modern romance which drags so wicked a hero through scenes so terrible and harrowing. Louis de Camors was a young man of good family

and of good impulses. He had gone no further than ruining the happiness of his oldest friend, when his father shot himself, leaving some written advice and very little else to his son. In this curious document M. de Camors *père* advised his son to have no code but that of honour, to despise all men, and to reserve the "bloody sport of revolution" to cheer the satiety of old age. The rest of the story displays M. de Camors energetically carrying out his father's programme. He passes from sin to sin, and accumulates horror on horror's head. His last achievement is to desert his own wife for Madame de Campavallon, the wife of his greatest benefactor. This lady did not care for mere frivolous pursuits, and disdained any passion that was not grandly criminal and in the style of the sixteenth century. The sympathetic reader is desolated on finding that M. de Camors refuses to gratify her by poisoning his wife. This want of thoroughness in his character gains upon him, and he dies at last crushed by the misery of having lost even his honour. And here M. Feuillet is on his old and favourite didactic ground, "Où un Dieu ou pas de principes," he says. This is the reiterated moral, and by this device M. Feuillet conciliates his old audience and the readers who, before he wrote *Camors*, inclined to think him dreary. His friends, also, the good people, found their natural enemies satirized. Every one could point to the wives of rich men of no rank, like Madame Bacquière and Madame Van Cuyp:—"Elles jugèrent délicieux de prendre les chapeaux de leurs maris, de mettre leurs pieds dedans, et de courir en cet équipage un petit *sleep-chase* d'un bout du salon à l'autre." This sort of thing taught new people their place, and showed them what the world thought of them.

To compose a novel of modern life more terrible than *M. de Camors* seemed difficult. But M. Feuillet performed the feat, and surpassed himself, in *Julia de Trécaur*. This story need not be analysed. There are passions "heteroclitic," as Sir Thomas Browne says, which are the "veniable part of things lost." We can endure them in the gravity of the Greek stage, or amid the remote fancy of the Elizabethan drama. But they become offensive when introduced among modern surroundings, and in the environments of familiar life. In *Julia de Trécaur* M. Feuillet has permitted himself the choice of such a motive. That he has produced a terrible story is true enough, but when tragedy so deep is brought so near, it runs the risk of becoming incredible and merely absurd. One scene is quite in the Elizabethan manner. The heroine, balanced between madness and crime, plucks wild flowers, and utters foolish tender speeches to them:—"Toi, ma chère, trop maigre! toi, gentille, mais trop courte! toi, tu sens mauvais!—toi, tu as l'air bête!" It is like Cornelia's raving in Webster's *Vittoria Corrombona*:

You're very welcome;  
There's rosemary for you, and rue for you,  
Heart's ease for you—I pray make much of it,  
I have left none for myself.

Clearly in *Julia de Trécaur* we have left a long way behind us the domestic sentiment of *La crise*, the elevation of *Sybille*, the complacent propriety of *Le jeune homme pauvre*. M. Feuillet has advanced with the age, and has always met the demand of the day. He is a proof that it is much better for a writer to start with getting a good character, and sow his literary wild oats after his admission to the Academy, than to begin with extravagant romances, as M. Gautier did, and subside into innocent stories like *Spirite*. Possibly if M. Feuillet had begun with *Julia de Trécaur*, the Academy might never have lent its sanction to his moral teaching. For even *Julia de Trécaur* has a moral—namely, that it is mistake to spoil children. Perhaps this original truth might have been inculcated without the use of such an awful example as Julia's. M. Feuillet must think the moral maladies of his country very terrible when he applies remedies of such peculiar and poisonous strength.

#### BOOKBINDING.

A VERY pretty controversy might be stirred up even now by a short passage in one of Cicero's letters to Atticus. He asks for a couple of librarians to glue his books; glutinators, he calls them; and Dibdin, "Froggy" Dibdin, Lord Spencer's tame bibliographer, translates the simple Latin by the questionable English, *conglutinate*. In the first syllable of the word lies the kernel of the whole question. Did Cicero mean to have his manuscripts made up into books, as Dibdin evidently supposes, or did he only require the sheets to be fastened together into rolls? It is usually laid down by recent authorities that Dibdin made a mistake whenever he could, and very often it was possible to him when it would have been impossible to any one else. Had we any intention of going into the matter, we should probably differ with him, and any one who is at the trouble of looking into his Cicero will perhaps do the same. Learned guides are not wanting. There is Salmasius, and there is also the profound chapter "De Ornamentis Librorum," by Schwartz. That Cicero referred to the art of glueing together sheets to make rolls there can be little doubt. It was for this he begged a couple of his friend's Greek slaves. Whether, as some say, Phillatius introduced the use of the pastepot and scissors, or Julius Caesar first made his manuscripts into little volumes in which he wrote Commentaries on passing events, it is not perhaps possible now to decide, nor yet whether the Athenians, foreseeing the importance to literature of the peculiar method of Phillatius, raised a statue to his honour; the question has not much importance to the world that now is. The oldest book, in

one sense of the word, now extant, or lately extant—for it is said that the specimen generally referred to perished in a French revolution—was made of sheets of lead outside and in, and only dated from the fifth century. Bookbinding in strictness must be treated as a comparatively modern art. Job may have written with an iron pen, and Catullus may have put his lighter thoughts on a leaden leaf, as we infer from one of his poems; but as most of such relics have long been transformed into bullets, we may dismiss the ancients with another quotation. Suidas tries to prove that the Argonautic expedition was made in search of a book containing the golden secret of the Alchemists, and bound in sheepskin. A greater chemist than any who sought for the philosopher's stone was, in later times, bookbinder. Faraday spent thirteen years of his life at the conglutinating-pot before he went to Albemarle Street. Another great man, and in a different sense a philosopher, was, not by profession, but by preference, a bookbinder. Roger North bound divers books of account, so we read, both for himself and for his friends, in a very decent manner. But his fame is eclipsed by that of another Roger. A hundred years ago Roger Payne was engaged in what the language of his day termed the bibliophilic art. His triumphs were wrought for the Spencer Library. Some of them may now be seen at the International Exhibition, although for want of a few labels it is not easy, except for a very practised eye, to distinguish them. Poor Payne's bills for his work are among the curiosities of literature. He lived miserable life alternately devoted to books and the bottle, and Dibdin's choicest flowers of speech are employed in describing his troubles with Mrs. Wier, his partner's wife, who used to beat him, and the kindness of a bibliomaniac doctor whose books he bound, and who used to heal him till he was past healing. The French Payne is Derome, but Derome labours under the imputation of cropping—a sad sin in the eyes of the bibliophiles. Payne, too, had his faults. His books are said to be tight in the backs. They are certainly well sewed together; and while his eulogists assert that they may be laid down in a pavement and remain uninjured after the passage of a wagon, his detractors have the choice of retorting that books are not usually required for pavements, or else that his are fit for little more. Into the merits of such important questions this is not the place to enter. They seem to turn chiefly on the larger question, whether books are meant to be read, or only to be looked at from without. Perhaps it is because the learned in these matters prefer the outside view that no work of importance has been written on the subject.

Yet there is much of interest in the history of bookbinding as an art. Several show-cases at the British Museum are filled with choice and ancient specimens, and at the International Exhibition, this year, some of the best, both ancient and modern, are on view. They comprise many worthy examples of all ages from the twelfth century down to the present time. Visitors may begin with the German hymn-book cover designed by the late Prince Consort, which occupies such a prominent place. Being bound so as closely to resemble a miniature coffin-lid, with black velvet and silver nails, it may have been primarily intended for sepulchral concealment. As an evidence of taste it fails, and admirers of a character eminent for aesthetic qualities will wish it buried out of sight. Cremation is not in vogue as yet, and Mr. Bowring will perhaps prefer not to use his possession in a suite to the memory of its designer. But the earlier books abound in curiosities of design, and many of them are to be seen close at hand. Johnson, not the lexicographer, who only cared for the insides of books, but a typographer of the same name, mentions an old English binding on which were stamped the arms of Christ, surmounted by a full-faced helmet, surrounded with mantling and a scroll, with the legend, *Redemptoris Mundi Arma*. He attributes it to John Reynes, who bound for Henry VIII., and kept his shop in St. Paul's Churchyard. Both coffins and heraldry are in the hands of undertakers. But it is a pity something cannot be done to resuscitate velvet binding. Embroidery on book-covers deserves more attention than it has received of late. Two or three examples only are at South Kensington. The finest velvet binding is in a case with eighteen volumes from the Library of Westminster Abbey. It covers the indenture made in July 1500 between Henry VII. and the Abbot for the erection of the King's Chantry, the counterpart being among the chief treasures at the British Museum. Perhaps this is the book for the garnishing of which "Master Quintin" received, in 1503, the large payment of 10*l*. The two volumes are ornamented in the same way with bosses, and have the seals in silver cases appended. The books of King Corvinus of Hungary were similarly decorated, which made them a prey to the Turks when they took Buda in 1526. But there is a magnificent Bible in velvet at the Exhibition, embroidered all over with the arms and badges of Charles II. in gold thread. It is a pity some more specimens of similar work are not shown. Many are in the libraries of collectors, and some of them have a peculiar interest for the English connoisseur. Queen Elizabeth worked at such things herself, and when she visited Cambridge in 1578 received, as we are told, a Testament bound in red velvet lymed with gold, the arms of England being set upon each side of the book very fair to behold. In 1584 the Master of the Savoy presented to Her Grace a Bible bound in cloth of gold, garnished with silver and the royal arms; and a few years earlier we find Lord Burleigh taking care, by a circular to those from whom presents were expected, that the Queen's nose should not be assaulted by the odours of spike, with which, as he says, binders do commonly savour their

books. Savouring for the leaves of books has its modern practice, but whether embroideries for their covers will be revived is a question. Crimson velvet embroidered in gold and colours forms a very suitable, and what is more to the purpose, a very durable, binding for a certain class of books. Young ladies are said to be addicted to working slippers for the feet of unwary curates, but some very desirable persons might perhaps be entrapped more easily by delicate attentions to the covering of favourite homilists.

A very different style is that of Grolier, itself an imitation of the earlier work designed for Maioli. Both are familiar names in the annals of binding, and, with Thuanus or De Thou, have been largely used by modern artists in this line. But books covered with stamped and painted patterns are more for show than use. If the leather is stiff and old you may break the back when you try to examine the contents, while, if it is new, the heat of the hand may obliterate a gilt letter, or dull the sharpness of the tooling. A prudent collector puts dummy leaves into his precious covers, or at best treatises on grammar and rhetoric. The gayest of inlaid colours and the greatest wealth of gold tracery adorn the interesting pages of Crescenius *Of Agriculture*, or the *Variae Lectiones* of Peter Victorius. If Diana de Poitiers read the books which bear her badges she must have been more than a little blue. But reading is not a rule with bibliomaniacs, still less with collectors of bindings. Book-hunters of the true Dibdin type look with suspicion at the man who reads what he buys, much as foxhunters eye the man who prefers to avoid torturing the vermin he destroys. To collectors of bindings the interior of a volume is doubly sacred. You may borrow of them, perchance, but woe betide you if you would open a book. The clasps may come off in unaccustomed fingers, or a significant crack may announce the ruin of the stitching. How far the *et amicorum* of Grolier had a meaning we know not. The wide dissemination of books from his library must be accounted for by their sale at his death, rather than by the efforts of dishonest borrowers. The books of De Thou were kept together for some years after his death in 1617, but they were eventually dispersed, and now adorn the shelves of many a public and private museum. The ponderous boards in which some old manuscripts are bound, and especially those ornamented with paintings in oil or distemper on their sides, are eminently calculated for being looked at. Ivory, and even stone, as marble mosaic, has been used, particularly for addressees; but a gold casket seems the appropriate vehicle for the presentation of municipal compliments. Carved oak and other ponderous inventions may be found in plenty in the Exhibition among the cases devoted to modern work; and one performance, fortunately singular, must not be omitted. A looking glass neatly framed in the side of an album unconsciously suggests the very old story of Gutenberg and his speculum, which has given occasion for so much learned disquisition.

But much of the modern work exhibited is very good. After all that one suffers in ordinary life from the destructiveness of bookbinders, it is pleasant to see that care for the interior of a volume is not considered beneath the attention of first-rate workmen. How often has a different tale to be told! Sometimes it is sad, sometimes absurd. All our sympathies are aroused for the bibliomaniac who recently bought—picked up, is the technical term, we are informed—an old and dilapidated Bible, with a fly-leaf bearing the single letter A before the title, and who, having sent his treasure to be bound, had it returned without what the binder naturally thought a useless appendage. On the other hand, a volume of old wills carefully labelled by a tradesman who boasted of a smattering of Latin, "Vetus Testamentum," may raise a laugh. But binders, as a rule, prey on their employers. A fly which catches and devours innocent spiders is among the recent discoveries of zoology. The removal of cobwebs is a necessary part of a binder's work, even though in many cases the book operated upon suffers in the process. It is a pity the French binders are not represented this year. They excel in harmonious colouring for half-binding, and combine cheapness and beauty in a manner unknown to us. But there is great hope for the art, as an art, in the recent developments of cloth, or rather, cotton binding. Some of the patterns exhibited are both suitable to the subject of the work they cover, and also beautiful in themselves. In this respect we may congratulate readers. Books are now published in very substantial cloth-bindings calculated to last, and not, as in former times, to be speedily replaced by morocco or calf, and it is found well worth while to make the exterior of a popular work as attractive as possible. The thing may be carried too far, and several flagrant examples are to be seen; but, on the whole, this is the direction in which some of the most original art of the day has been employed, and it should be noted with approbation.

#### FRENCH HONOUR.

**P**ARIS just now, having nothing else to think about except a mere change of Government and perhaps Constitution, is deeply interested in a question of personal honour which has arisen between a couple of noblemen. Have you a right to compel a man to expose himself in a duel because his wife, entirely of her own accord, and for reasons of her own, chooses not to know you? This is the point at issue between Count Jean of Montebello and Prince Metternich, formerly Austrian Ambassador in France, and it has been solemnly submitted to the judgment of

the public by the seconds who have had some difficulty in bringing these two discreetly punctilious gentlemen opposite each other in a field. It appears that the Bonapartists have taken warning from the mistake of the Legitimists during the late reign, and, instead of sulking in a dreary old faubourg, throw open their houses to the world, and dance and make merry. On the 14th instant a ball was given by the Countess of Poutalès—a familiar name at the Imperial Court. Count Jean of Montebello was one of the guests, and Princess Metternich another. The Count bowed to the Princess, whom he had known in other days at the Tuilleries, and the Princess instinctively acknowledged the salute; but, after a moment's reflection, she told the Count that henceforth she desired that they should be strangers. The reason given for this was that the Count had not been loyal to the Imperial Government. After Sedan he found himself a prisoner, and he then wrote a letter, not however intended for publication, in which he criticized very sharply the policy and conduct of his late Sovereign, to whom he owed at least a brisk English trade in the champagne which bears his name. Many persons will be of opinion that the Imperial Government rather laid itself open to criticism about that time, and in any case the Count was entitled to form and express his own opinions. On the other hand, Princess Metternich is known as an enthusiastic Bonapartist, and she too was entitled to her own opinion as to the justice of the censures directed against her friends. It was only natural that under such circumstances she should be exceedingly sensitive to anything reflecting on a family to which she was bound by such intimate and confidential relations; and the only way in which she could show her disapprobation of the Count's ingratitude, as she conceived it, was by refusing to know him any longer. The Count, however, who seems to be as *mousseux* as his wine, could not endure to sit down tamely under this rebuff. He could not call out a lady, but he was determined to call out somebody, and he fixed upon the Princess's husband, who was requested to give an apology or a meeting. Prince Metternich had not been present at the ball, and knew nothing of what had occurred, but he was willing to fight if any pretext could be found for it. When the seconds on each side consulted together, what is called an "unexpected incident" arose, though we should have thought it was just what might have been expected. The Prince's seconds declared that the Prince could not see that he had insulted the Count, with whom he had had no communication whatever, and that he did not consider himself responsible for words spoken by the Princess at a ball at which he was not present. It was added that, if the Count wanted to fight, he must seek a personal quarrel on some other ground than the incident of the ball. If the Prince had simply refused to engage in a duel with a man whom he had never offended, and who had not offended him, he would have had common sense on his side, and, we should imagine, the code of honour, too, in its only rational construction. He declared, however, that he was quite ready to fight, and the whole dispute turned on the question as to which should be considered the person offended. It is the offended person who has the choice of weapons, but this again was not a matter in dispute, as the Count was quite willing to leave the choice to the Prince. But then the Prince could not receive it as a favour from the Count, and the Count could not receive it as a favour from the Prince; each claimed it as a right. This of course threw the negotiations back on the original question, whether a husband is bound to fight every one at whom his wife turns up her nose. The Count's seconds held that, as he had received a public affront from Madame de Metternich, and as he was unable to reply to a lady, he had a right to address himself to the Prince as responsible for the acts of his wife. The Prince's seconds held that the claim was preposterous. Ultimately, however, by the intervention of friends, a better understanding was arrived at, and the quarrel between the Count and Prince has been fought out. The Prince has thus apparently sacrificed the principle that husbands are not answerable in person for their wives' demeanour. We know several husbands, but we shall not name them, to whom the maintenance of this principle would be literally a matter of life or death. If the opposite principle is admitted, it would seem to be only a reasonable extension of it to hold that if two married ladies quarrel their husbands ought to fight; and as married ladies seldom meet without quarrelling, the male half of polite society would be likely soon to reduce itself to the condition of the Kilkenny cats.

The Count's view was that he was the offended party, and therefore entitled to choice of weapons, but while he insisted on his right, he offered, in consideration of the Prince's rank, to yield the choice to him. The Prince's view was that he was entitled to the choice of weapons; but, if we may venture to express an opinion, we should say that, according to the received French code of honour, this was incorrect. It is clear that if, in the course of a discussion, an offence is offered, the person who has been offended is the injured party. If, therefore, the Count was entitled to hold the Prince responsible for what his wife said or did, the Count was the injured party, and entitled to choice of arms. But if the Count was not entitled to hold the Prince responsible, then he would seem to come under the rule of the Code that, "if a man sends a message without a sufficient cause, he becomes the aggressor, and the seconds, before they allow a meeting to take place, must insist on a sufficient reason being manifestly shown." The seconds displayed a laudable anxiety to find a sufficient reason

if they could, and at last they may have discovered the precedent of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, who says, "Then, sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing." According to that precedent, a difference about the mode of differing would suffice to justify a duel. But there is another rule of the Code, that "if in the course of a discussion, during which the rules of politeness have not been transgressed, but in consequence of which expressions have been used which induce one of the party to consider himself offended, the man who demands satisfaction cannot be considered the aggressor, or the person who gives it the offender; the case must be submitted to the trial of chance." With the utmost humility, we would suggest that this rule might offer a solution of such an unfortunate complication as has arisen in this affair. In effect the rule says that, if a quarrel is about nothing, it is impossible to say who is the aggressor, and therefore lots must be drawn for choice of arms. The parties to this discussion should approach each other in the spirit of the English prizefighter who said to another member of the Ring with whom he desired to make a match, "Why won't 'ee fight I? I never did ought to offend 'ee." There seems no substantial difference between arbitration, which has been proposed, and drawing lots, which the code prescribes.

The most remarkable part of the affair is, however, the impudent publication of the negotiations which have been carried on with a view to the perpetration of what in this country would be deemed murder, and what even in France is regarded as a serious crime. It is impossible to imagine a more cynical exhibition of contempt for the law than is contained in the so-called "official" *procès-verbal* of the seconds, which for the glorification of themselves and their principals has been printed in the *Figaro*; and it is also an impertinence to the public. When gentlemen take to advertising themselves in this way, they lay themselves open to criticism, and the impression which was at first forced on one by reading the narrative was that there was considerable eagerness on each side to lay hold of any show of excuse, however flimsy, for not proceeding to extremities. Both men professed to be anxious to fight; they were agreed even as to the weapons—pistols—which were to be used; but they discovered that they could not possibly use the weapons upon each other because they happened to differ as to whether one or the other should be considered the offended person. This difficulty, however, has been overcome, and a duel has taken place which ought not to go unpunished. If the affair had been kept secret, it might have been urged that it was not the business of the Government to search too curiously into it; but the offenders have, as it were, placarded an information against themselves, and challenged the authorities to take notice of it. If there is any life left in the French Government, such a defiance can hardly be disregarded. Duelling is one of those offences against social order in regard to which in all countries public sentiment has lingered behind the law; but there is only one way to encourage a more healthy sentiment and to make the law respected, and that is by enforcing it sternly, especially in any case which thrusts itself wantonly and impudently into notice. If the effrontery of Count Montebello and Prince Metternich and their seconds goes unpunished, respect for the law in that country will have received a serious blow. A few weeks ago a couple of English schoolboys fought a duel with sixpenny pistols, one of which exploded, to the injury of one of the combatants. The boys no doubt thought they were doing something very noble and romantic, and they at least put their courage to the test. Duelling in England is now confined to weak-minded schoolboys, and in Germany to hot-headed students; and it is an indication of the moral weakness of France that this monstrous practice should still find favour there. It is true that French duels seldom lead to more than scratch, as in the present instance, and ingenious methods have also been discovered of swaggering as fire-eaters before the world, while taking extremely good care to keep out of the way of fire. The most appropriate penalty for such an offence would certainly be some punishment that would make the actors supremely ridiculous; although it is difficult to imagine how they can be made more ridiculous than they are at present. It is melancholy to reflect that in France attention should be diverted from the grave events which are now happening to such contemptible coxcombries.

#### PRINCE BISMARCK AND HIS CRITICS.

THE recent publication of two letters written by Count Armin at the time of the Vatican Council, which we noticed not long ago, seems to have created a sensation in Germany which at first sight their contents can hardly be said to justify. The matter still continues to be discussed with considerable warmth in the German newspapers; and yet it is neither easy to understand why the Count himself should have been so annoyed at the publication, however unauthorized, nor why the explanatory letter which he thought it necessary to address to Dr. Döllinger should have so greatly provoked the Prussian Government as to lead to his retirement, for the time at all events, from the diplomatic service. The report that he would decline the post at Constantinople said to be offered him on his recall from Paris was indeed at first declared to be a pure invention, but the strong language used by some of the Ministerial organs makes it clear

that his acceptance of it was never seriously intended, or, to say the least, not desired. Prince Bismarck has shown before now that he is not of a reticent or forbearing nature when his own authority is at stake, but it is some proof of the extreme bitterness and tension, so to say, of the pending ecclesiastical controversy, that so small a spark should have kindled so considerable a flame. The substance of Count Armin's original letters will be fresh in the memory of our readers, and need not be reproduced here. The appearance of these documents in print, to his "deep regret," in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, with the alleged connivance of the Prince Chancellor, led to his writing a letter to Dr. Döllinger on the subject which was at once sent to the newspapers. After personal expressions of his high respect for the eminent Catholic divine he proceeds to observe that the published version of his former letters is substantially correct, and that there is no such divergence of view as has been represented in some quarters between the earlier and later of the two. He had always, he says, attached less importance to the infallibilist dogma than to the manner of its publication, and, had he supposed it to be a mere abstract theory, or "empty vase," he should not have considered it a matter about which Governments need trouble themselves. But the attitude and explanations of the German and Austrian Bishops both before and during the Council convinced him that this was far from being the case, and that it was really a "Pandora's box," the noxious contents of which would be scattered over the world. He regrets that the proposal of Prince Hohenlohe for a joint action of the different Governments did not lead to more serious negotiations, by which "the rankling weeds" cultivated at the Council might have been nipped in the bud, so that "we should not now find ourselves in the incomprehensible perplexities which bring almost everything into question that has long seemed to have become the common property of Christendom." The wording of this last sentence is so characteristically German as to border on being unintelligible. But, whatever be its precise meaning, the offence which has been so promptly visited may be presumed to lie in the intimation that Prince Hohenlohe's advice ought to have been acted on; to which it has been replied with much plausibility that it is not at all clear from his own despatches what Count Armin wished to be done in pursuance of Prince Hohenlohe's suggestions, or in what way the European Governments, and especially the Protestant Governments, could have intervened effectively in the proceedings of the Council. The Government organs add, with less direct bearing on the practical question, that the rankling weeds cultivated at the Council had their roots, if not in earlier ages, in the Papal policy of the last half-century, dating from the restoration of the Jesuits by Pius VII., and that the Vatican decree merely gave formal expression to their extravagant pretensions and crowned the edifice of Papal ambition. This is true, but it is equally true that a course of aggressive policy which has been steadily but stealthily advancing for years assumes a very different position when it is openly avowed and "crowned." The public avowal becomes at once the rallying cry for old adherents and fresh recruits and a starting-point for further developments. The existing complications may be "incomprehensible to nobody who is acquainted with the history of Rome and Germany," but it does not follow that no precautionary measures could have averted or diminished them. And the closing remark of the writer we have been quoting simply begs the whole question in dispute. These complications, he says, "call nothing in question but the overweening pretensions of ambitious priests to worldly power."

To speak in such terms of the tactics of the Jesuit Camarilla and their triumph at the Vatican Council would be intelligible enough. As a description of Prince Bismarck's ecclesiastical legislation, it is at least not exhaustive. So much as this might be reasonably inferred, if only from the fact that the new laws are as little liked by the Evangelical as by the Catholic clergy, though their power of resistance is of course greatly inferior. Only the other day, in introducing some measures for the regulation of Protestant synods, Dr. Falk thought it necessary to go out of his way to defend himself, with considerable warmth, from the charge of being a disciple of Strauss, which emanated apparently from his coreligionists. But, supposing Catholic interests alone were involved, the laws now in course of execution for restraining the worldly arrogance of ambitious priests must appear to an outsider not altogether undeserving of the censure pronounced on them in the Pope's recent letter to Dr. Baudry, the Coadjutor Bishop of Cologne. Let it be remembered that four Bishops are already in prison, and one of them deposed by the civil courts, not for acting on the Vatican decrees, but for continuing to administer their dioceses as they have done all along; that unless they are prepared to accept conditions absolutely incompatible with their position in the Roman Catholic hierarchy, it is confessedly a mere question of time—and of a very short time—how soon all the rest of the Prussian episcopate incur the same extreme penalties; and that by the supplementary laws just passed in the Reichstag they will thereby become liable to banishment for life and loss of all rights of citizenship. Let it be further remembered that their places cannot be filled up by any successors remaining in communion with Rome; that all priests who continue in any way to recognize their authority after civil deposition, or who refuse to obey such new ecclesiastical superiors as the State, according to provisions made for that purpose, places over them independently of the Holy See—supposing any such can be found—incur the same punishment; and it

becomes evident that the present legislation, if consistently carried out, must in the course of two or three years at most put an end to all Roman Catholic worship—by which we mean here worship conducted by persons acting under authority of Rome—throughout the Prussian dominions. A scheme has indeed been formulated for the Chapters to elect to the vacant sees without reference to Rome; but these bodies without a single exception—the report about the Chapter of Cologne holding aloof turned out to be fabulous—have protested against this arrangement, and refused to act upon it, as it was beforehand certain that they would do. It will remain therefore for the Government to nominate Bishops, and get them consecrated, and, when consecrated, acknowledged, as best it can. What the Imperial Chancellor anticipates as the ultimate result of these energetic measures it is not easy to conjecture. That he has fallen into the error, common with statesmen of decided views and resolute will unless they happen to be also something more than statesmen, of seriously underrating the influence of moral forces in human affairs, seems obvious enough. But, more than this, the scope of his policy as further developed and completed by the supplementary laws, and the sort of language often used in recommending and defending it, give a certain plausibility to the startling assertion made by persons who ought to know something about Germany, that he actually contemplates a fusion of the Catholic and Evangelical Churches by Act of Parliament, as the late King of Prussia forcibly united the Lutherans and Calvinists into one State Church. We are far from meaning to affirm that so acute an observer of men and things has really allowed himself to entertain so impracticable an idea; we only say that the theory, which is none of ours, would go far to explain what looks otherwise so inexplicable in his course of action.

It is probably true, as the *Allgemeine Zeitung* observes in a recent article on the Arnim correspondence, that the ecclesiastical conflict would not have broken out if the Vatican Council had had a different termination, and if the absolutist party in the Roman Catholic Church had been defeated. The Papal prestige, he says, was destroyed by the extravagance of the new dogmas, and the Bishops therefore had to fall back on their natural relations towards the State. But what are these "natural relations"? The term is an elastic one certainly, but it must be stretched a good deal to include all the arrangements established by the Falk laws. It may be true that the Bishops, acting under orders from Rome, are inclined "to make a point of honour of mere details," but this explanation does not go to the root of the matter. What may and must be the consequences of an indefinite prolongation of the contest is stated with an almost cynical frankness by the apologist of Prince Bismarck whose words we have already been quoting. "The religious usages of the people run the risk of being interrupted. And behind this looms the further danger of their getting accustomed either to dispense with religion altogether or to embrace fanatically such forms of it as are most hostile to the State." This is not, adds the writer, the wish of the Government, and the whole responsibility for it will rest on the Court of Rome. But this does not seem quite obvious. If we turn from a German to an English advocate of the Falk laws, what were we told the other day by the sympathetic Correspondent of the *Daily News*? He exults in the very point which other supporters of the Ministerial policy have strenuously but not very successfully attempted to deny. Not only does he inform his readers with evident satisfaction that the new laws "will enable the Executive, within the next few months, to get all the prelates and their vicar-generals, besides a considerable sprinkling of the lesser clergy, into prison or across the frontier, while the civil power will have secured the entire and exclusive administration of the vacant dioceses," which it hopes to fill with "priests of the Old Catholic or Reformed Catholic persuasions," but he expressly insists that such of the clergy as "submit to the secular arm" will thereby "sever the connexion existing between them and the Vatican." That is exactly what, for instance, Mr. Arnold said the Prussian Government was not doing and ought not to think of doing. But the *Daily News* is certainly right as to the facts. Let us take again what are at first sight the most plausible provisions of the new code, and are held up to special admiration by a writer in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* and by other Liberal panegyrist of Prince Bismarck's Church policy; we mean the laws about clerical education. The proposed change may be a good one in itself, and there may be Roman Catholics who view it in that light. But they would not the less protest against the injustice of the State forcibly closing all boys' seminaries and clerical seminaries, and insisting that henceforth all members of the Prussian priesthood shall be trained from childhood upwards in the public schools and Universities, under civil instead of episcopal control. Let us imagine for a moment that our own Government had introduced a Bill forbidding the Bishops of the Established Church to ordain any one who had not spent a certain number of years at a public school and taken an Oxford or Cambridge degree afterwards. There would be a universal outcry against so arbitrary a proceeding, and the Bill would of course have no chance of becoming law. Yet it would only enforce absolutely what is already the general practice, and what is in full accordance with public opinion in the Church, both lay and clerical; whereas the Falk laws enforce a system of training which, however desirable in itself, is directly opposed to the prevalent Roman Catholic practice of the last three or four centuries and to the views of the hierarchy.

But, after all, these educational requirements form only one detail, though an important one, of the new system, and, if that were all, some *modus vivendi* would have been discovered before now. It is clearly not the chief object of Prince Bismarck to get the clergy better educated—which might indeed make them more formidable opponents—but to subjugate them completely to the State. By his Exeter Hall admirers in this country the enterprise is rather oddly represented as a fresh triumph of the sacred cause of liberty of conscience, though—to do him justice—he has himself put forward no such incongruous vindication of his policy. It can only be accepted by those who hold that the contest will necessarily advance the interests of Protestantism, which is far from being obvious, and that such a result, by whatever means attained, must promote the cause of religious freedom, which also is not self-evident. If Prince Bismarck can manage to stamp out the religion of some eight or nine millions of the subjects of the Empire, he will no doubt have achieved a success, whatever may be its moral or material value; if he fails to do this, the chances are that he will provoke a powerful reaction. The faggots of Torquemada and the dragonnades of Louis XIV. were in a certain sense successful, though a terrible nemesis in each case ultimately followed. But such trenchant methods of controversy are gone out of fashion now, and persecution which is not thorough has generally proved to be a blunder as well as a crime.

#### GUNPOWDER.

THERE is a manifest necessity for an amendment of the law as to making and storing gunpowder and other explosives. A Magazine Committee, of which Sir John Burgoyne was President, reported that "to guard against the accidental ignition of gunpowder requires an unremitting caution carried to a scrupulous extent in handling, removing, and storing the powder, and in the construction of the special receptacles in which it is enclosed." Speaking generally, we may say that explosives are treated by non-military hands in entire disregard of the principle here laid down. The precautions adopted at manufactories of gunpowder are inadequate, and when the article leaves the place where it was made it mostly takes its chance. The head-constable of Liskeard reports that a few years ago he seized a ton of powder which was being conveyed in two open carts, and from the defects of one of the barrels a train of powder was left in their wake. In order to remedy this evil, it has been suggested by the members of the trade themselves that each firm of powder manufacturers should be required to submit their barrels or cases to an inspector. This proposal merely involves the creation of a place which would probably be filled by a deserving officer of artillery. But what number of officers could control the reckless dealings of miners with blasting-powder? The head-constable of Middlesborough says that he has known miners filling "straws," or preparing them of an evening for the work of blasting next day, in a room where there has been a fire and candle burning and the cask of powder under the bed in the same room, and the man greasing the straw with warm tallow to keep the powder in. In one case the roof of a house was blown off, and on inquiry being made the man stated that he was tallowing the end of the straw when he put it too near the candle, which ignited the straw; he threw the straw away, and it fell into the barrel and caused the explosion. The head-constable of Richmond, who was formerly a chemist's apprentice, says he has weighed up in packages from 1 lb. to 7 lbs. by gaslight, 300 or 400 lbs. at a time. He has frequently seen miners with a quarter-cask (25 lbs.) making their charges by the fire, and they generally keep it under the bed or in the pantry where their children have access to it. The provision of magazines for miners is not compulsory, and consequently powder is kept in all sorts of unsafe and unsuitable places. Instead of the risk being concentrated and minimized in one well-kept magazine, it is distributed over the whole neighbourhood of the mine, and throughout all the small shops in the adjoining villages, in the most unsafe manner possible. The colliers, says a witness, are most reckless how their powder is kept; under the bed or a chair is considered particularly safe stowing, and the men are often "in a state in which it would be better that there should be no powder in the same house." Another witness says that the powder is kept in ammunition barrels quite open and in a small closet adjoining the kitchen where the labourer's meals are cooked. The closet is not locked and the children have free access to it. In another district the powder not immediately required is left at the butty's house under the bed or in the pantry. In another, powder is carried in a loose way into dwelling-houses, where serious explosions sometimes happen. The workmen carry their powder in flasks, and a collier very often makes up his "shot" in an easy way with his lamp in his hat and his pipe in his mouth.

Large quantities of powder are used in the construction of railways, and as the only existing law as to magazines is inapplicable, contractors get a ton or two tons of powder at a time, and store it as may be most convenient. In these stores the barrels are opened by having the heads battered in by a stone or an iron implement. There is no attempt to exclude grit. Major Majendie, who has been employed by the Government to report on this subject, says that he watched the operation of issuing powder and stores from a mining magazine, and he found that the men, women, and children crowded into the magazine in their ordinary shoes to receive their

candles, oil, powder, &c., and some of the pitmen came down to the magazine smoking, merely putting their pipes into their waist-coat pockets when they got close to the magazine. Twice this officer was taken into magazines by persons carrying a naked candle in the hand, and he was assured, in answer to remonstrance, that this had been done for years. The management of large store magazines of dealers is very imperfect. The men go into the buildings in iron-shod boots, and the floor is covered with dirt and grit mixed with powder escaped from the barrels. Major Majendie writes, after a visit to one of these stores:—"The sensation of walking about upon the gritty, powder-covered floor of a magazine containing several tons of powder, accompanied by a farm-labourer in iron-shod boots, was one which I had not before experienced." As regards conveying powder from place to place, the regulations are, as might be expected, utterly inadequate. The Railway Companies charge high rates and afford small facilities for carrying powder as such, and consequently it is sent under some other name. As regards carriage by ordinary road, almost no precaution is observed. A newspaper reporter getting upon a Wigan omnibus was requested to put out his pipe, and was shown a 100-lb. cask of powder beside which he was seating himself. A chief constable in the North of England says that powder is conveyed with no more caution than any other article of commerce. It might be possible to require the carriage of large quantities of powder to be performed either in special vehicles or under some warning mark or flag. But the loading and unloading at wharves and dépôts which are usually near masses of population could hardly be controlled without seriously impeding trade. Thus an instance is mentioned where powder is shipped and unshipped with other goods at a wharf on which a steam crane is at work. The law controls, although partially and imperfectly, the establishment of magazines, but a wharf or dépôt where a brisk trade is done in powder is more dangerous than a magazine, because powder in motion is more liable to explode than powder in store, and no control of wharf or dépôt appears practicable. The magazine at Erith was probably placed there for convenience of water-carriage. It exploded in 1864, and a breach was blown in the river wall, and a destructive inundation was only averted by the exertion of large bodies of soldiers, who were sent from Woolwich to the spot. A magazine on the bank of the Coventry canal is said to be specially dangerous for the same reason. The cities of London and Westminster, borough or market towns, royal palaces, and parish churches, are specially protected. But it is obvious that this list ought to be considerably enlarged.

The most unsatisfactory part of the whole subject is, however, the retail trade in explosives. Indeed it is better perhaps not to consider too closely the risks to which we are all exposed in a great city from the carelessness of some of us. All boys, without exception, will play tricks with gunpowder, particularly if a drawing-room offers itself for the performance. The fascination of toy cannons for boys almost equals that of dolls for girls. But, luckily, the quantity of powder at a boy's command is such that at the most he can only harm himself and his playmates, and the furniture amid which he operates. The greatest danger in towns arises from retail dealers in explosives and small makers of fireworks. Many stories are told of grocers' apprentices sticking a naked candle in the powder of an open barrel, supposing it to be onion-seed, and of the master fetching the candle out. But in one of these stories the master, valuing life more than property, left the shop as quickly as he could, and the boy returned for the candle. Since breech-loading weapons have been adopted for sporting purposes cartridges are usually filled by gunmakers. This practice is strictly illegal, but it is general and uncontrolled, except by the caution of those who engage in it. A gunmaker, however, is likely to be more cautious than a grocer, because his mind is more directed to the nature of explosives. It seems to have been thought sufficient to restrict dealers in gunpowder to a limit of 200 lbs., and to allow them to store, handle, and sell that quantity in any way they may choose. But Major Majendie remarks for our comfort that 200 lbs. is far too large a quantity to be kept, except under well-defined restrictions. The amount of damage which may be done in a crowded neighbourhood by the explosion of this amount of powder, or even of one-half this amount, is very great indeed. If it exploded in a dwelling-house it would almost certainly destroy that house completely, and probably would seriously damage neighbouring houses. In an explosion at Stirling about 30 lbs. of powder destroyed a house, and did damage estimated at 2,000*l.* At Stubshaw Cross two cottages were destroyed, one person was killed, and eight persons were seriously injured, by the explosion of 27 lbs. of blasting powder. It results from these and other examples that the limit of 200 lbs. is not low enough to afford security against an important disaster in the event of an explosion. It also results that no practicable limit could be adopted which would relieve the neighbours of a dealer—to say nothing of the dealer himself—from the consequences of an explosion. It is satisfactory to find that this conclusion, at which we had some time since arrived by the light of nature, is confirmed by the elaborate investigation of a scientific officer employed by Government and reporting in a blue-book. It is suggested that all retail dealers in powder might be required to be registered, and, when they were thus known, some attempt might at least be made to induce them to take precautions. As we have societies for everything else, there might be a society for teaching grocers and miners to handle powder carefully. The explosion at Stubshaw Cross was occasioned by

a spark from an open oil lamp which a woman was carrying at the time she was weighing out in the kitchen 25 lbs. of gunpowder for a customer. At Brynmawr a boy was sent by the shopkeeper into his powder-store to get powder. He took a candle and some matches. The candle went out, and the boy struck a match to light it, and fired the powder. By this explosion one person was killed and many were injured, and 3,000*l.* worth of damage was done. At present the mere fact of selling powder constitutes a dealer, and the mere fact of dealing enables him to keep 200 lbs. of powder anywhere and anyhow, and without any supervision whatever. There being no official indication of the existence of a stock of powder, firemen and others are exposed in case of fire to an extra unknown risk. This was exemplified in a fire at Chelsea, where an unexpected explosion of powder created great alarm, frightened the horses of the engine, and caused them to run away, knocking down and injuring several persons. It is undoubtedly objectionable that firemen should be liable to have a mine sprung upon them while engaged in extinguishing a fire. There would, however, be great difficulty in framing any useful regulations which would not seriously hamper trade; and although we might be quite prepared to put down the retail firework dealers, it would be impossible to interfere with the blasting processes of mines and collieries. Masters and overseers will do well to endeavour by precept and example to correct the negligence of which so many fatal results have been recorded.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### IV.

THE last great effort of Mr. Frith, R.A., falls rather flat upon the public, notwithstanding the favour shown by the hangers. People probably see at a glance that the religious ceremony of "Blessing the Little Children," even though it takes place only at Boulogne, is not quite so much within the painter's vocation as "The Derby Day," or "The Railway Station." The composition before us, in spite of its semi-sacred character, is as amusing as a profane medley. It is true that a bishop in mitre and full canons stands as the centre, around which throng mothers with children in arms, girls in gala costumes, and boys on crutches. And the painter has done his best to concentrate attention on the main action; but the eye of the spectator is inevitably distracted by curious incidents and comic byplay, until it at last wanders inadvertently far away up the street along which the banded procession slowly toils its way. Unfortunately, this street vista is almost the only artistic passage in the picture. The composition is like some plausible story, too clever by half to be true; the style is recommended by its alluring flashiness; what is true and what is false are so mingled together that each may be mistaken for the other; the execution, if dexterous, sometimes degenerates into wooden texture; the atmosphere, though open to the sky, is without daylight, so that the whole scene lacks relief and lustre. It must be admitted that many of the characters are true to life; in fact, character is the painter's strong point. Nothing could be happier than the droll and sinister expression of a priest who would seem to be laughing at the whole performance; on the other hand, when we come to the young girls, they are without innocence, and when we turn to the children, they are without simplicity. The fundamental fault of the picture would seem to be that it halts between two opinions, and thus, like a house divided against itself, it is in danger of falling. Perhaps the safer course would have been to abandon the serious aspect altogether, and thus to gain an undivided unity in the line of comedy and commonplace.

The faults of Mr. Frith, R.A., are assuredly not shared by Mr. Marks, A.R.A. "Capital and Labour" (179), by the latter, is vigorous and unflinching in its naturalism; on the one side stand a company of masons urging their grievances, on the other is respectfully listening the squire, attended by his architect and the clerk of the works. The composition, without favouring either party, is a clever hit at a social movement of the day. The "Latest Fashion" (125), also inclines to quiet satire, made the more pleasing to the eye by a colour, finish, and refinement not habitual to the artist. But of all the men who go to nature without the idea of mending or adorning her, Mr. Legros is the most uncompromising. "Un Chaudronnier" (24) is something truly appalling in its power of repulsion; the tinker might have been a favourite model of Caravaggio, or of other *naturalisti* and *tenebrosi* artists of Naples. But redeeming point is supposed to come with the tinker's old kettle, which certainly might well have descended from the studio of Velasquez. It has been said that this masterpiece is hung unfairly; but a work of this knock-down vehemence is almost of necessity thrust into distance, so as to mitigate the terror of the ordinary spectator. It seems a pity that this artist, whose talent is universally admitted, cannot see his way to a compromise by which nature might suffer little and art might gain much. Surely a painter by condescending to please need not surrender his honesty or independence. Mr. Fildes is another artist who makes a protest against the popular principle that a picture ought to be agreeable. Assuredly for once he goes too far in the opposite direction when he depicts with revolting reality the squalor, the dirt, and the rags of a herd of miserable "Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward" (504). An appeal to the practice of all the best schools condemns the composition as a mistake in choice of subject and a misdirection of time and talent. We

will go so far as to add that the pictorial sin is aggravated by the genius brought to its consummation; neither can we accept in mitigation a quotation from Charles Dickens, inasmuch as it has for obvious reasons always been held that in written description a place may be found for horrors which become intolerable when brought into pictorial form bodily before the eye. It is an anomalous sign of the times that our painters turn more and more to the shadow side of nature; thus Mr. Faed, R.A., again touches chords of pathos in a cottage (227), while Mr. F. Holl calls for sympathy for a deserted baby (487). The worst of the matter seems to be that, when a painter is lost in emotion, he is lost to art also.

But so many-sided has our English art become, that if in an exhibition shadow strikes on the one wall, sunshine is pretty sure to beam on the opposite. Hence a variety which pleases everybody in turn. The present Exhibition is not great in any way, but on all hands we hear it spoken of as pleasing by virtue of its variety. Certainly, as a set-off to what we have found to be gloomy, we have works cheerful and serene. For instance, Mr. Leslie, A.R.A., is now, as ever, pleasing and placid; he has always been so innocently calm as never to have been guilty of a storm, even within a teacup. "The Nut-brown Maid" (197) is a simple scene commended by beauty and taste; the chief fault in the country lassie who stands by the sylvan fountain is that her face has been slurred. That art can never be right which sinks the head into subordination; in all schools the face has necessarily been the medium of expression. Before leaving this picture, we wish to draw attention to the truthful and tender way in which the accessory landscape has been painted, for the sake of refuting a gratuitous and unfounded assertion recently made by an anonymous letter-writer, that figure-painters cannot hang or otherwise justly deal with landscape art. On the contrary, the noblest landscape-painting has been, and always must be, that which is close to, and not divorced from, the figure. Of this Titian's "Peter Martyr" may be adduced in proof. Also, for the reciprocity between figure and landscape art, and as showing how the one may bring human interest and the other give outlook or extended horizon over fields of nature, we would point to such refined and poetic compositions as "The End of the Journey" (1020), by Mr. P. R. Morris, and "Guinevere's Ride to Almesbury" (1021), by Mr. Hole.

The crying injustice within the Academy would seem to be not so much that figure-painters do not appreciate landscape as that even Royal Academicians who usurp a place on the line cannot paint the figure tolerably well. "Taming of the Shrew" (201), by Mr. Cope, R.A., is a clumsy crudity, black and white as opaque chalk. It is melancholy to see how here and in other glaring examples Shakspere and the best authors of all countries are made to pass off the worst of pictorial wares. "The Finding of Imogen" (677), by Mr. J. Barnes, and "Don Quixote at the Puppet-show" (1431), by Mr. Lockhart, received more than their due when placed away from sight above the line. But we gladly except from what may be stigmatized as the low literary art of the Academy a brilliant idea, "Half-hours with the Best Authors" (166). We owe to the ready pencil of Mr. Calderon this satire on the inveterate habit of the prettiest ladies to sleep over the best books. Mr. Elmore, R.A., also, as an exception to his brethren of the brush, throws high style into a literary theme taken from "Peveril of the Peak" (327). On the whole, the Exhibition apparently points to the conclusion that painters are not reading men. By the time an author gets on the stage we may expect to see him on the walls of the Academy, but not before.

It is interesting to trace from time to time within the Academy the rise or fall of a new school. Formerly all the figure pictures might be classified under styles classic, romantic, or naturalistic. But latterly there has appeared in London, concurrently with a like movement in Paris, a school of Eastern origin. This Orientalization in the arts, which first began with carpets, china, and curtains, screens and fans, has now extended to easel pictures; and an infatuated public, not content to import the wares they want from China or Japan, are willing to extend their patronage to imitators nearer home. Hence the production of a class of goods such as "Embroidery" (999), and "A Japanese Cleopatra" (1001), severally by Mr. A. Thompson. As for this Japanese Cleopatra and her companions, squatting in a shabby sort of way among screens and draperies evidently borrowed from Regent Street, they are not human beings, but wooden dolls. The art is simply barbaric; the execution seems to be studiously artistic, especially in the painting of the heads. The mistake is that the defects of native painters are slavishly imitated, whereas the endeavour ought to have been to take what is good and to leave what is bad. But let the artist try again. "Embroidery," the better picture of the two, shows that we have something to gain by these curious experiments. Mr. F. Moscheles, also joining in this fashionable Eastern pilgrimage, seeks out new art sensations "On the Banks of the Kanagawa" (1006). We doubt whether he has ever been there; and, if not, all such work, even at its best—but here unfortunately at its worst—must be little more than copyism, compilation, and compromise. Mrs. Jopling adopts the bolder and more independent course of painting as an English lady rather than like a native artist. "Five o'clock Tea" (1047), a symmetrical composition of Orientals squatting, imbibing, and gossiping, has the breadth, centralization, and unity of Western art. The colour too has keeping; it gains comparatively quiet concord in the surrender of the violent contrasts and the assailant harmonies which are usually in this ultra-Orientalism pushed to extremes. Yet some fatality is sure to befall these vagrant eccentricities; thus here, instead of study, we have

mere show; and where we have a right to look for care, we encounter carelessness. The picture, we fear, can scarcely be naturalized either in England or Japan; the hands are too badly drawn for London society, and the draperies would sell very cheap in the markets of Yeddo. The conclusion forced upon us by these and other works of the kind is that the uses to which Chinese and Japanese art can be turned are chiefly, if not exclusively, those of decoration. Little is to be learnt in the way of architecture, sculpture, or the painting of the human figure.

How much pure are the styles derived from Italy, whether for beauty of form, concord of line, or even for refined harmony of colour, may at once be seen if the spectator will turn from the above-mentioned pictures, all in the Lecture Room, to a neighbouring composition, "A Game of Knuckle-bones" (948), by Mr. Maclarens. The subject is the classic pastime in which the huckle or ankle-bone of sheep or goats was thrown by women and children into the air and then caught on the hand. The game has been minutely described by classic writers; we remember an outline in marble, in the purest Greek style, of two figures playing with these bones in the Naples Museum, and the subject is further illustrated in the British Museum. Mr. Leighton in years past has not overlooked this favourite theme among classic artists, and now Mr. Maclarens, much to his credit, evokes the beauty and the grace which by prescriptive practice belongs to the subject. The ancient modes of treatment were allied to the designs painted on classic vases; the work before us naturally inclines to modernism and decorative modes. Delicious for tone and colour is the background of yellow reeds with the green leaves and pink flowers of oleander. French neoclassicists have seldom surpassed this well-considered composition. In conclusion, we may add that the preceding comparison between recent revivals of Oriental and of Italian schools need not be to the disadvantage of either. We think, however, that our contemporaneous Eastern revivalists may do well to remember what was done in Venice long ago by the Bellini, by Titian, Veronese, and others. We know of only two capitals in Europe which have given satisfactory interpretations or paraphrases of Oriental art; the one was Venice in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the other is Paris in the nineteenth century.

## REVIEWS.

### JEVONS'S PRINCIPLES OF SCIENCE.

FROM a neat and well-arranged handbook of the Elements of Logic, published in 1870, Professor Jevons advances in the present volumes, *Principles of Science*, to a comprehensive treatise containing original speculations on all, or most, of the capital problems involved in the theory of knowing. On a subject so well worn it is impossible that much can be advanced which is, strictly speaking, new. But inasmuch as Professor Jevons is not a man to copy his predecessors, or to adopt ready-made conclusions, and has besides been many years revolving his subject in a mind of no ordinary vigour and fertility, the result is that his discussion even of the familiar theme of the theory of the reasoning processes has the stamp of that originality which means flowing freshly from a creating and shaping intellect. In philosophy such discussion is always profitable, and this kind of originality is probably all that can be looked for.

In the part of logic which treats of Deduction there can not only be nothing new to say, but even the statement of the rules and principles admits of little variety. It is in the theory of Induction that modern logicians find free scope for fresh speculation, and indulge the hope of arriving at views less vague and less embarrassed than those which are current in logical books. Mr. Jevons considers that Bacon, though he correctly insisted upon constant reference to experience, had no correct notion of the logical method by which, from particular facts, we deduce laws of nature. Bacon's axiom, "Vere scire esse per causas scire," has turned many other logicians besides himself off the right track. In Mr. Mill's *Logic* the term "cause" seems to have reasserted its old noxious powers. Mill is entangled in the confusion of sequences with co-existences, of what he calls events with qualities, and of science with power of prediction. Though modern logicians busy themselves mainly with Induction, while the ancient logicians treated the reasoning process as entirely deductive, yet both the modern and the ancient were engaged upon one and the same problem. This problem was, to ascertain the laws of thought by which the mind is governed in inference—in travelling, i.e. from knowledge possessed to new knowledge. The theory of logic is not tasked to provide the premisses. Whether we are arguing against an opponent or drawing our own conclusions, some propositions are known, assumed, or conceded, and from these we advance to further propositions which are necessary consequences of the propositions so known or conceded. What are the laws of this mental procedure?

The ancient logician, attaching himself exclusively to the phenomena of demonstration, investigated the method of deducing a less general truth from a more general truth. Aristotle almost perfected the theory of Deduction. He neglected, though he did not ignore, the theory of inductive inference. The modern logical

\* *The Principles of Science: a Treatise on Logic and Scientific Method.*  
By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow of University College, London, Professor of Logic and Political Economy in the Owens College, Manchester. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

investigator, on the other hand, may be said to despise the theory of Deduction, though he does not ignore it. He observes that the boasted demonstrative process is not really the passage of thought from knowledge possessed to new knowledge, inasmuch as the major premiss always virtually and implicitly contains the conclusion. He says, Before you can assert the major to be true, you must have already known that your conclusion was true. All this parade of argument therefore, if not mere verbiage, is at most a development of the connexion of known truth, not a discovery of truth. The mode by which thought really passes from the known to the unknown is that, neglected by the old logicians, of Induction. From a certain definite number of examined cases we can infer a universal law. This law is strictly new knowledge; for the premisses were singular instances, the law is universality. The new element in any inductive conclusion is its general applicability. Strictly speaking, as Mr. Mill has shown, the inference is not from particular to universal, but from particular to particular. The universal is merely a memorandum, or aid to memory, and the new knowledge consists in the unexamined case to which I am entitled to infer from the examined cases. The general law is only a mark reminding me that I am so entitled to infer whenever occasion requires. This combination into one homogeneous compound of two processes, Induction and Deduction, which had been hitherto treated as distinct, or rather opposite; this presentation of the problem of Inference as one connected whole, is claimed by Mr. Mill's friends as the capital addition which he made to the science of logic. By this method of statement syllogism was subordinated to induction. The demonstrative process which had been the central and inspiring object of the ancient logician was dethroned from its supremacy, and the whole interest of logical inquiry was thrown upon the inductive problem.

At this point Mill's *Logic* left us. This was the one clear and commanding position to which he had conducted us. But it is apparent that logical inquiry could not rest in this position as an ultimatum. If logic is to investigate all the conditions of scientific proof, it cannot be satisfied with the statement that all inference is from particular to particular. We are immediately impelled to go on to the question, When may we draw this inference from particular to particular? What are the guarantees that the passage from the known fact to the unknown shall not be arbitrary, capricious, casual—shall be inference, not conjecture?

It does not appear that this question was answered directly by Mill in the whole of his two volumes. At any rate it was not answered by him as explicitly as it is now done by Mr. Jevons. He maintains that all inference may be resolved into the detection of likeness. In all acts of inference, however different their apparent forms, there is involved a detection of likeness. Inference may be described as "substitution of similars." To this mode of explaining inference Professor Jevons was inclined, in his essay published in 1869, to attribute great importance as an advance in logical theory. In his present work he puts the same statement forward again with even increased confidence. In his first essay, he says, he had but an imperfect conception of the importance and generality of the process. He thought it then but one among a number of other modes of inference. He now sees all logic to be a development of the all-important principle of substitution. He does not indeed claim for himself to have been actually the first logician to propose the theory, as he finds that he has been anticipated by Beneke. But he may claim independent originality, inasmuch as his imperfect acquaintance with German had prevented him from acquiring a complete knowledge of Beneke's views.

We should be little disposed to dispute any claim which Professor Jevons may make to priority of discovery. But we confess that we are still at a loss to understand the importance of his theory. And by this we mean its relative importance in the science of logic. The utility of logic itself, indeed, has frequently been questioned. It has been affirmed, and cannot be denied, that all the great discoveries in science have been made without the aid of logic. It is not an instrument of discovery, or a road to knowledge of any kind. This question is one which it would be inappropriate to raise in reviewing a treatise on logic. And when we say that we are unable to share Professor Jevons's lofty estimate of the value of his principle of "substitution," we mean merely because it does not appear to throw any light on the theory of knowing. "So far as there exists likeness, what is true of one thing will be true of the other." How does this substantially differ from Mill's type of the reasoning process? "Certain individuals have a given attribute; an individual resembles the former in certain other attributes; therefore it resembles them also in the given attribute." The sufficient proof that the new theory, or terminology, "substitution of similars," has not the novelty or importance which the author would attribute to it, consists in the fact that in his own two volumes he makes throughout hardly any further use of it. After the doctrine has been stated in the preface and the beginning of the first volume, we find no further use made of it. It is left alone, unproductive of any results.

It may perhaps be alleged that this mode of stating the principle of inferential reasoning has the advantage of directing attention to the fact that the difficulty of reasoning correctly really resides in ascertaining the degree of likeness. This is, it must be admitted, an important observation. The formal part of induction is, in practical science, of little or no consequence. The material part is all-important. The operations subsidiary to induction, the rules of observation and experiment, seem to embrace the whole of the logic of discovery. If this be to exemplify his theory, Mr.

Jevons has assigned due importance to this part of logic, by treating at length, in his second volume, of the rules of the ascertainment of likeness. His chapter on "The Character of the Experimentalist" is not the least interesting in the book. He reminds us that no logic, no system, no organization of labour in research, can yield us new discoveries of laws of nature. Genius, or the philosophic mind, must for this purpose be in as great request as ever. In pleading for the endowment of scientific research as a national object, no one imagines that money and opportunities of study can create genius. It may be that in politics "the individual withers, and the world is more and more," but this is not the case in science. The vast armies and accumulation of material of war in our times have not decreased the value of the skilful general; and the genius of such a man as Darwin is more, and not less, valuable than it would formerly have been, now when there are numerous scientifically trained men in all parts of the world prepared to discuss, illustrate, and apply his theories. Bacon contributed to spread the notion that rules could be given which would facilitate discovery. His notion of scientific method was that of a kind of scientific bookkeeping. Facts were to be gathered from every source, and posted as in a ledger, from which would emerge in time a clear balance of truth. There is no such thing as a distinct process of induction. The detection of likeness is the all-essential act, and the power of doing this is a natural gift—is wit, or genius. Buffon said that "genius is patience," and patience, says Professor Jevons, is one of its most constant and requisite components. But no one should suppose that patient labour alone will invariably lead to those conspicuous results which have made the names of the great discoverers famous. A Newton may modestly and sincerely attribute his success to industry and patient thought, for true genius is unconscious; but there must be present also powers of intellect beyond what are commonly possessed by men. Fertility of imagination and abundance of guesses are among the qualities requisite for discovery. The errors of a great mind far exceed in number those of a less vigorous one. Kepler and Faraday are here cited as having recorded their erroneous, as well as their successful, speculations. Faraday's mental history is notable as showing that he faced a long series of negative experiments without being daunted or discouraged. During forty years the conviction that some relation existed between magnetism and light floated before him, and notwithstanding repeated failures, he never relinquished his search after this unfound relation. It was at last revealed to him in an accidental experiment. Faraday exemplifies active powers of imagination, unbounded license of theorizing, and diligence in experimental verification.

Professor Jevons does not attempt any psychological analysis of genius, but dwells on that aspect of it which fits in with his logical theory about induction. He denies what Mill had affirmed that all inference is from particular to particular, and speaks of it in scornful terms. "No one who holds the doctrine that reasoning may be from particulars to particulars can be supposed to have the most rudimentary notion of what constitutes reasoning and science." As this sweeping contempt would involve many of the greatest names in logical history, including Aristotle and Mill, we must look out for some other interpretation of Mr. Jevons's words than what seems their obvious meaning. That the cycle which the human intellect traverses begins in particulars and comes back to particulars again, is so certain a truth that no one can even profess to deny it. We must not therefore understand Professor Jevons to be denying this fundamental conception of human knowledge. He can only mean, what is equally true and undeniable, that science deals with universals. Mr. Jevons writes, "In the very birth-time of philosophy this was held to be so; *nulla scientia est de individuis sed de solis universalibus* was the doctrine of Plato, delivered by Porphyry." Plato did not live in the birth-time of philosophy, nor did Porphyry write in Latin, but nevertheless the dictum thus produced is emphatically true. But it is not at all inconsistent with the principle that human knowledge begins and ends in particulars. What Professor Jevons should have said, perhaps what he meant to say, was not that Mill's statement was erroneous, but that it is defective as an account of inference. All inference is from particulars to particulars. Good; but what is it that enables me to infer from a known set of particulars to a new and unknown particular? There is the stress of the logical problem, and of this problem we only meet in modern logic with very perplexed solutions. Induction, says Mr. Fowler's Handbook, "is the legitimate inference of the general from the particular." But when is it legitimate, or what makes it so? Mr. Mill says that we reason from particular to particular in virtue of the uniformity of the laws of nature. But what is a "law"? This word, which plays so large a part in Mr. Mill's *Logic*, is as incompatible with his system as the word "cause."

Professor Jevons has evidently felt that this is the question to be answered, and that it is not answered in the logic which is current in this country. The uniformity of nature is an ambiguous expression; the reign of law an unverified hypothesis. His language is obscure, and sometimes contradictory; but on the whole we are not in doubt as to the answer which he proposes to give to the question which the modern logic leaves in a haze of doubt. Mr. Jevons says there is no such process as inferring from particulars to particulars. All inductive reasoning is an inverse application of deductive reasoning. A so-called inductive law is a hypothesis. We do not affirm, but we adopt it, and try, not all the cases by it, but it by all the cases, modify it as the cases require, reject it if one case is unconformable. Science then, accord-

ing to Professor Jevons, deals with probabilities, not with certainties. The certainty attributed to the results of demonstration is as illusory for him as it is for Mr. Mill. No inductive conclusions are more than probable. The theory of probability which enables us to estimate quantities of knowledge is the basis of the theory of reasoning. Inductive results differ infinitely in scientific value, because they differ infinitely in their numerical data. The value of quantitative laws depends on the degree of quantitative approximation to the truth probably attained.

The theory that inductive physical laws are only hypotheses subject to eternal verification is by no means a new one. It has been repeatedly enunciated by modern philosophers, by Herschel, by Whewell, and others. But we do not remember any modern logical treatise in which all knowledge has been resolved into frequency of occurrence, and inference declared to depend on the probability of recurrence. When we are warned by writers on science that to the philosopher all opinions are provisional only, that he must be prepared at any moment to relinquish his most cherished belief when any fact turns up which is inconsistent with it, we have regarded these as valuable educational precepts, or as descriptions of the philosophic temper, of the spirit in which all scientific research is to be undertaken. In Mr. Jevons's treatise this becomes a rigid theory of logical proof; all knowledge is resolved into hypothesis; certainty, science, truth, have no existence. "Perfect knowledge alone can give certainty, and in nature perfect knowledge would be infinite knowledge, which is beyond our capacities. We have, therefore, to content ourselves with partial knowledge—knowledge mingled with ignorance producing doubt."

The theological applications of this theory of knowing are obvious, and Professor Jevons points to them in a concluding chapter. These concluding remarks will probably be the most generally read part of these volumes, and will interest many who care little for the theory of logical inference. It follows from the theory as expounded by Professor Jevons that the reign of law is an illusion. The prevalent notion that the course of nature is determined by invariable principles of mechanics which have acted since the world began, and which will act for infinite ages to come, is superficial, and derived from a false view of scientific inference. There is nothing incompatible with logic in the discovery of objects which should prove exceptions to any law of nature. No finite number of instances can warrant us in expecting with certainty that the next instance will be of like nature. There is no necessary truth even in such fundamental laws of nature as the Indestructibility of Matter, the Conservation of Force, the Laws of Motion. The theory of evolution places us under the necessity of believing in creation—*i.e.* disturbance of law at an assignable date in the past. And if in time past there has been discontinuity of law, why may there not be a similar event awaiting the world in the future? The idea of the uniformity of nature in any sense in which it is true does not imply that extensive alterations, or sudden catastrophes, are impossible. The uniformity of nature is theoretically consistent with the most unexpected events of which we can form any conception.

To the consideration of this uncertainty of physics must be added the even greater uncertainty of all general conclusions about political and social phenomena. Even if there are any abstract principles of morals or economics which are approximately true, they never can be applied to predict social events. A science of history is an absurd notion. The theory of evolution is a highly probable theory, but Professor Jevons cannot for a moment admit that it will alter our theological views. Its results, like the results of all science, must be limited to affirmation. We cannot disprove the possibility of divine interference with the course of nature. Such interference might arise in two ways. It might consist in the disclosure of the existence of some agent or spring of energy previously unknown, but which effects a given purpose at a given moment. Or the same power which created material nature might create additions to it, or annihilate portions which do exist. Granting that the hypothesis that there is a Creator who is at once all-powerful and benevolent is surrounded with difficulties verging closely upon logical contradiction, we are equally exposed to inexplicable contradiction in other directions of thought. Continuous quantity, *e.g.* leads us into difficulties. Subdivide as we will, we never reach the absolute as defined in geometry. But if an infinite series of infinitely small quantities is thus involved in all our conceptions of magnitudes, all our reasonings about the universe, its component parts, and what is possible in it, seem to be overturned.

We quote Mr. Jevons's concluding sentence in his own words:—

Among the most unquestionable rules of scientific method is the law that whatever phenomenon is, is. We must ignore no existence whatever. We may variously explain its meaning and origin, but if a phenomenon does exist, it demands some kind of explanation. If then there is to be a competition for scientific recognition, the world without us must yield to the undoubted existence of the spirit within. Our own hopes and wishes and determinations are the most undoubted phenomena within the sphere of consciousness. If men do act, feel, and live as if they were not merely the brief product of a casual conjunction of atoms, but the instruments of a far-reaching purpose, are we to record all other phenomena and pass over these? We investigate the instincts of the ant, and the bee, and the beaver, and discover that they are led by an inscrutable agency to work towards a distant purpose. Let us be faithful to our scientific method, and investigate also those instincts of the human mind by which man is led to work as if the approval of a higher being were the aim of life.—Vol. ii. p. 470.

#### BISHOP GRANT.\*

IT is not easy to attach a definite character to the subject of a biography which is all panegyric. When every virtue and every grace are attributed to a man we class him among saints, but we form no distinct conception of his actual personality. This was our feeling at the first glance over the pages before us. To confess the truth, the name of Thomas Grant, first Bishop of Southwark, revived no memories in us; for our facts and impressions we were almost wholly dependent on the biographer, and according to her idea of perfection he seemed to be perfect. Faith, charity, devotion, self-abnegation, humility, sweetness, simplicity, obedience—all under the direction of judgment, perception, capacity, and exercised with strength of will and indefatigable industry—were catalogued in orthodox order and illustrated by the most telling anecdotes; and these qualities, we found, were all rewarded by the most startling successes, till the wonder grew that the world had yet to learn what it is the business of this work to tell it. By degrees, however, a form emerges out of this excess of light. At last we see a man, and the more distinctly we see him the easier it is to understand—without charging his eulogist with any deliberate or blameworthy exaggeration—how it was that these signal merits and qualities, exercised with zeal and untiring energy, did not make Dr. Grant famous. Characteristics incompatible with real greatness were, indeed, the main causes of his prominence and high position within his own sphere.

In whatever Church or denomination Dr. Grant might have been born, there he would have remained. It was his nature to accept implicitly the creed first presented to him, and, we might add, to hold it fanatically. If his father had been a Methodist instead of a devout Papist, he would have lived and died a credit to Wesleyanism. His was a temper incapable of hesitation or doubt; but unquestionably the Church of Rome fell in best with his mental constitution, as supplying a vast and also growing and accumulating mass of dogma. What may be called a natural bias was strengthened by circumstances of birth and training. His father's family had suffered in the furious party strife between Catholics and Protestants, common in Ireland. Such contests and their bitter memories make, to use the biographer's word, "robust Catholics"; and Thomas Grant, she tells us, inherited from father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, "a robust primitive faith, a thoroughgoing allegiance to the Church, and a child-like devotion to the Mother of God"—a faith little disturbed by intellectual subtleties. Bernard Grant, the father, had been put to the trade of a weaver, but his turn was military. He enlisted into the 71st Regiment, and was present at the battle of Waterloo. While the regiment was still in France, Thomas, the future Bishop, was born in November 1816. Endowed, as it is said, from his cradle with a power of making his way into everybody's heart who came in contact with him, it was his fortune through life to be a universal favourite. All the trials we read of proceeded not from other men—nobody ill-used him, he had no enemies—but were either self-inflicted, or arose from bodily infirmity. Born extremely small, this smallness of stature was part of himself, and fitted in with the sort of petting that characterized everybody's dealing with him. Soldiers, old ladies, children, nuns, clergy, from childhood to death, fell into the same strain, and he was the Pope's *piccolo Santo*. The child-like, often childish, simplicity of his manners never really prevented his taking the place for which his powers qualified him, and they enlisted others in his service. As soon as he could speak plainly he answered the inquiry "What will you be when you grow up, Tommy?" by the invariable reply, "I should like to be a bishop"; and before he was eight years old an old lady bequeathed to him a gold cross, for "Tommy when he became a bishop." The priest—Dr. Briggs, of Chester—to whom his father presented him on coming to England, became so fond of him that he undertook his education, and at the age of twenty sent him to the English College at Rome, where he soon distinguished himself, more especially by the strength and tenacity of his memory, and by a certain quickness in seizing the point of a subject. The editor is candid in her admission of the one quality wanting:—

His intellect was wanting in the creative faculty; it was not endowed with what we call originality. It was acute and comprehensive rather than broad, clear rather than deep. His was a sort of official intelligence; active, prompt, wide-awake, admirably adapted to the business habits of thought and administration that it was called upon to exercise in the bishopric.

Grant's great capacity for business found early recognition; and in 1841 he was ordained, created Doctor of Divinity, and appointed secretary to Cardinal Acton, under whom he studied canon law, and won eventually the reputation of being the first "canon lawyer of the English Church." Three years later he was appointed Rector of the English College, an office he held from 1844 to 1848. Immediately before this he had made the acquaintance of Father Faber, who visited Rome while still a nominal member of the English communion, bringing introductions to Doctor Grant, who was exactly the man he was in search of. If he came to be convinced and converted he did not want a controversialist, which was never Dr. Grant's line, but a man of large and confident convictions, with a bold, fearless way of expressing them and acting upon them. This was Dr. Grant's power with certain minds—minds that wanted to be persuaded; he settled them and made them comfortable. Argument had certainly little left to do in the mind of "the Anglican

\* Thomas Grant, First Bishop of Southwark. By Grace Ramsay. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

minister who made the Catholic priest promise to say the Salve Regina for him every time he passed the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore"; but Faber compliments Dr. Grant with the merit of a large share in his conversion. They fitted into one another as friends—as friendship goes in these relations. Dr. Grant was filled with admiration for Faber's beautiful eloquence, and Faber paid tribute to the holiness and learning of the future Bishop. Moreover, both were distinguished for that cheerfulness which becomes a technical term in these narratives, and which is something distinct from the simple, calm, equable gaiety of the English parsonage. Cheerfulness is cultivated as a grace, enforced as a weapon. "Above all things be cheerful," Dr. Grant writes to the students. "Prayer, devotion to Mary, and cheerfulness," was his last message to them. "Cheerfulness was his surest weapon against the devil." "Laugh at him, nothing makes him savage like that; he soon leaves a soul alone that meets him with a hearty laugh." In the exercise of this grace, when Father Faber and Dr. Grant got together, they would laugh like a pair of schoolboys till they hardly knew what they were laughing at. It was in pursuit of this great desideratum that the Bishop cultivated his talent for riddles which he was for ever propounding at recreation times to his orphans and in society. To learn to laugh at nothing, to be amused with small jokes and witless trifles, is put forward as an important, we may well say serious, aim. To us it is a natural result of perfection in the science that Dr. Grant had no real intimacies—that is, no friendships in the full meaning of the term:—

It has been asserted by persons well fitted to pronounce on the subject that the Bishop of Southwark was never intimate with any one, not even with those he trusted implicitly, and to whom beyond any doubt he was sincerely attached. "You always felt," says one of these witnesses, "that there was a point beyond which you could never get with him. It was not that at any given point he repelled you, or that you felt as if you came upon a hardness or a coldness, but simply you felt you could go no further."

We do not know any quality more deterrent of true intimacy than this resolute cheerfulness, whether cultivated as a virtue or a grace, especially when it is busy and constructive, and comes out in what is termed "a happy knack of irrelevance," such as breaking in upon discussion or remark when it grew too warm by a riddle—Why is so and so like so and so? With Bishop Grant this was a favourite device for changing the conversation. He would thus silence a critic or divert an objectionable topic. Men must be of an unusually deferential turn of mind who like these interruptions to their own eager current of thought and expression; and, in fact, we perceive that the Bishop was most at home in, and preferred—if we may use the word with regard to conduct influenced by higher motives than conscious preference—the society of his subordinates, students, nuns, the clergy under his rule, and above all children. His humility was, we may almost say, elaborate; but it was his nature to lead and direct, and to conform circumstances to his own ideal. Any attack on his favourite dogmas, any hint of a difference about them, was more than he could bear, and we cannot but think that some men of his own communion must wince under his statements of these dogmas and his matter-of-fact mode of using them. Nature having denied him the gift of imagination, he could conceive of the invisible world, which he saw so vividly with the eye of faith, only as a repetition, in all matters in which he had to deal with it, of the world he knew. Nothing in it was doubtful, obscure, or indistinct. All was mapped out and inhabited with precision and absolute clearness. St. Aloysius's post-office would be to him a mere branch of our own; he delivered letters there with the same confidence that they would reach their destination.

Perhaps Dr. Grant's highest intellectual faculty was his power of management and conduct of affairs. He was an excellent man of business. We see this in his transactions with the Government at the time of the Crimean war, and in his choice of and instructions to the Sisters of Mercy sent out by him. Active and ardent zeal was under the control of practical sense and sound judgment. His newly created diocese grew into form and order under his direction. Churches, priests, communities, orphanages, rose and gathered round him. Rome knew the right man for the office when she placed him there. But this faculty of business in a man of robust faith inherited from peasant ancestors, who viewed nothing in the abstract but as something to be turned to practical account and put to present use, certainly produces some singular effects upon the Protestant reader, and we should have thought upon some Catholics also. Thus he bribed the children under his direction to pray by submitting bargains to their consideration. "So and So wants such a situation; if he gets it through your prayers he promises to come to Norwood and teach you some amusing games." The great principle of barter and exchange he supposed to be carried on with as much exactitude among the souls in purgatory as in any mercantile firm or company of this world. Those "Dear Souls" were subjects of his particular devotion, it would sometimes seem, because he could negotiate with them on liberal terms. If his students wanted fine weather for an excursion, he taught them to say a *De profundis* for it. A fine day thus secured was to remit to them so many days of penal fires. On this subject he spoke with so much knowledge and unction that a firm of Catholic lawyers were induced to promise a certain number "of Masses to the Holy Souls" if a complicated and unpromising task in which they were engaged were successfully terminated. They gained it so happily that the promised offering was proportionately increased. We are not told what were the merits of the cause determined through this instrumentality—a question of some importance in considering the case.

Dr. Grant was one of the most unselfish of men. We entertain

no suspicion that any personal end of gain or ambition was made the subject of these transactions with the unseen; but it is one of the trials of the propagandist that he must have money; hence money was an abiding subject of thought and interest to Dr. Grant. How to save it and how to raise it is a leading topic in his biography; when it was once procured, he was visited by no doubts; he felt infallible in the use of it. He was successful with mortals, but his chief trust, we are told, lay higher than any human agency. At any great emergency "all the forces of heaven were requisitioned to the service." The more business-like the tone of these appeals for funds, the higher the faith assumed. As soon as he makes up his mind to some work involving expense, "the usual engines are set in motion, namely, the prayers of children and the intercession of the holy Souls." Asceticism itself had to give way when a good round sum was in question. It is related that on the occasion of his entering, at the age of twenty-five, on his secretaryship under Cardinal Acton, Dr. Grant adopted the habit of keeping his eyes down. "So few of those who only knew him after this date had an opportunity of seeing his eyes that it may interest them to learn what they were like." We are told that they were very fine—

the only beautiful feature he had [says our informant] . . . perhaps humility had some share in the sacrifice which he imposed upon himself of keeping them downcast as a guard over his senses. How rigorously he adhered to the self-imposed rule all those who knew him in England can testify. . . . He could, however, relax this discipline when charity or some other imperious motive demanded it. A collection was being made in his diocese for the orphanages, and a charitable lady, who was very zealous in the cause, met him on the stairs of St. George's one day, and said, "My lord, an eccentric person has promised me £50 towards the collection if your Lordship will only look at me." "And why should I not look at you, my dear child?" replied the Bishop, at once raising his eyes to her with grave kindness. "God bless you!" he added; and the orphans got their £50.

This habit had a peculiar effect on his physiognomy. Dr. Ullathorne speaks of "the palpitation of the eyes under the veil of their lids as indicating that tremulous state of scrupulous, delicate conscience which constituted his first great source of suffering." To the less observant his appearance was insignificant, leading to some exercises of humility. He was mistaken once for a mason coming to do a job. A street Arab wanting to carry his carpet bag, and his help being courteously declined, retorted, "Then you are no gentleman." "Perhaps not, my dear, perhaps not," was his really engaging reply. This grace was, however, put to a severer test—one clearly trying to his biographer, if not to himself, from the fact of her recording it—when, on occasion of his officiating at the marriage of the Count of Paris with the daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, instead of being invited by the princess of the Orleans family to join the guests at the wedding breakfast, he was sent off to get refreshments at an hotel where a separate meal had been ordered for him; and this though he was a spiritual adviser of the Queen Marie Amalie. His severely literal mode of accepting all counsel and all dogma shows itself in such traits as his fulfilment of the rule to eat what was set before him by eating a rotten egg; and by putting salt into his tea on the sly by way of penance, to the admiring horror of a nun who caught him in the act.

Dr. Grant's busy life of devotion to his Church was brought prematurely to a close in February 1870, by a painful disease, at the age of fifty-three. He received his summons to the Council when death was imminent, but so eager was he to obey that Dr. Gull thought it best to give way to his wishes, warning him that he would not return from Rome alive. The excitement revived him, as he thought, miraculously, and he prepared a speech which was to be delivered on the 14th of February; but while the Bishop who preceded him in the order of the day was speaking he fell on the floor of the Vatican Hall, and was at once removed to the English College, where he died shortly after. His intellect and will remained in full vigour to the end, so that the Pope's saying was quoted, "He is a saint, but one of the obstinate saints."

#### PLANCHÉ'S CONQUEROR AND HIS COMPANIONS.\*

BESIDES the official title which Mr. Planché displays on his title-page, he is known as the writer of divers plays and of his own life, while his best title to reputation is probably that which is least generally known, that a good many years ago he published a very useful little book on British Costume. One or two scattered writings have shown that Mr. Planché has given some thought to the history of the eleventh century. He has now tried to put together a book of personal notices of the chiefs among the army which conquered England.

Mr. Planché, as Somerset Herald, writes rather as a herald than as an historian, but he by no means shows the herald in his lowest form. He rises above many of the follies of his craft. He does draw the line somewhere; he does not, like Sir Bernard Burke, put down anything that anybody chooses to tell him. He is not offended at the manifest fact that hereditary armorial bearings were not known in the times with which he has to do. Now this last is a sacrifice to truth which must need a great effort on the part of one who dates from the College of Arms, and Mr. Planché is entitled to all honour for making it. To believe that the men who "came over with William the Conqueror" really bore no lions or dragons *gules* or *or* or anything else, or that a knight, if the fancy took him, might adorn his shield with a lion or in

\* *The Conqueror and his Companions.* By J. R. Planché, Somerset Herald. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1874.

[May 23, 1874.]

one battle and with a dragon *gules* in the next, must be a hard lesson indeed to those who are professionally bound to believe, not only that people have always borne lions and dragons, but that the arrangement of lions and dragons in this or that fantastic fashion really makes a science. Mr. Planché has looked at the Bayeux Tapestry too often to be persuaded that William really bore three lions or two leopards, or whatever the correct thing is, on his shield, when nothing can be clearer in the contemporary record than that he did not. Mr. Planché has thus brought himself to gulp down an unpleasant truth, and we honour him for it. But something of the herald still clings to him. He clearly thinks that anything that has been said by an elder herald has some authority in itself, whether any original sources are referred to or not. Perhaps indeed he thinks that some measure of the same authority belongs to himself; at least he is always saying things which may be true and which may be false, but for which he brings no evidence. In a book which deals so much with detail, with names, dates, pedigrees, and the like, it is provoking beyond measure to see so constantly left without references as we are by Mr. Planché. Sometimes he simply says a thing, sometimes he speaks of some modern writer, without so much as giving chapter and verse for the modern writer. He has also notions about tradition as something entitled to respect, even when unsupported by written testimony. And so of course real tradition is when you can get it; but Mr. Planché ought to know that what commonly passes for tradition in antiquarian matters almost always turns out to be the mere guess of some antiquary of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, and that what passes for tradition in matters of pedigree is almost always interested and barefaced invention. Perhaps the leaving out of references is by way of making his book popular, for Mr. Planché seems, from his preface, to be in a desperate state of anxiety whether the general reader will like the *Conqueror and His Companions* or not. That question we must leave Mr. Planché and the general reader to settle for themselves. The book comes before us as a contribution to history, and as a contribution to history we must deal with it.

We may sum up our judgment on the book by saying that it would have been of real value if Mr. Planché had given references. In attempting to give a sketch of the lives and pedigrees of all the recorded companions of the Conqueror, he naturally deals with a great mass of detail which is really quite worth examining into, but which the historian, strictly so called, can hardly be expected to deal with. History must, in the nature of things, be satisfied with dealing with the chief men, and perhaps with a few smaller ones, taken here and there, as specimens of classes. No historian of England, no historian even of the Norman Conquest, could be asked to look up the pedigree of every man whose name is found in Wace's Catalogue. It is much to Mr. Planché's credit that he takes Wace as his groundwork, and sets very little store by Battle Abbey Rolls and such like impudent fictions. A writer like Mr. Planché, a herald and genealogist, whose notions of evidence are not very sound, but are still much sounder than those of heralds and genealogists in general, might do good service by going over the ground and picking up such scraps as are to be found about the smaller people about whom history cannot find time to say much. And if he can find out anything by the way to throw more light on the greater people, so much the better. In such a way real service might be done, and we are far from saying that Mr. Planché has not done some real service. We only say that he would have done much more service if his general notions of evidence had been sounder, and, above all, if he had given us his references, to enable us to judge whether particular statements are trustworthy or not. Let us take one example. We have been told over and over again that Hugh Lupus, the first Earl of Chester, was a nephew of the Conqueror. We have never been able to light on any confirmation of this statement. We can find nothing about it in the almost boundless research of Mr. Stapleton's *Rotuli Scaccarii Normanniae*, nor is there anything like it in the thoroughly trustworthy genealogical tables of Duchèse. Earl Hugh's father, Richard of Avranches, is a perfectly well-known person, and was most certainly not Duke William's brother. Mr. Planché tells us that Richard's wife and Hugh's mother was Emma, a daughter of Herleva and Herlwin of Conteville, and therefore half-sister of the Duke. We can only say that we have lighted on no such person, but we cannot disprove her existence, and we are not prepared with any other mother for Earl Hugh. If Mr. Planché would only have given us a reference for this bit of genealogy, we should be able to judge whether the evidence for it was good or bad. This is of course a question of evidence, and Mr. Planché may be right, though he has not proved himself to be so. But we do not ask for any evidence to disprove his notions as to the origin of the puzzling surname borne by the great Earl on the other side of England:—

I am inclined to believe the Normans were considered by the French as a race of Goths (as indeed they were)—a barbarous people, such as even now we should describe as “Goths and Vandals”; and the south of France having been subdued and occupied by them for nearly five centuries by that branch of the great Sthitic family, distinguished as the West Goths or Visigoths, the latter appellation being more familiar to the French may have been corrupted into Vigot and Bigot, from which source I would also derive the well-known Norman name of Wigod.

The example I have already given of similar corruptions in the name of Raoul de Gael (p. 10, *ante*) will, I think, justify me in suggesting, on these grounds, that the family of Le Bigod was of Visigothic origin, and, as in the case of Baldwin the German, or Robert the Frison, had assumed or been designated by the name of their race and country, of which they were proud, notwithstanding the sense wherein it was applied by the French to the Normans generally. We have “le Angevin,” “le Fleming,” “le Breton,” “le Poitevin,”

“le Scot,” &c., and in this category I think we may class “le Vigot,” an abbreviation of “le Visigot,” spelt, as we find it, indifferently with a “B” or a “W” (Bigot and Wigot), according to the particular dialect of the writers. The application of the name to the Normans generally, while it proves that it was not derived from any hereditary possession or personal peculiarity, as in other cases, also testifies to the purity of the family, which was distinguished amongst its own people by the designation of that great Gothic stock whence they commonly proceeded.

About “the great Sthitic family” we must simply ask in helpless ignorance for some further light. If it has anything to do with Mr. Rawlinson's “Scyths,” we beg, in the name of Alarie and Ataulf, to disclaim the connexion; and as for Wigod, or more properly Wiggod, the name is not Norman at all, but as good English as it can be. Perhaps Mr. Planché may have been led astray through Thierry's having mistaken Wiggod of Wallingford, King Edward's kinsman, Sheriff of Oxfordshire, and what not, for “un soldat appellé Vigot” in the ranks of Duke William's army.

We will now go through some of the chief points in Mr. Planché's book, in which he brings forward new views or tries to reestablish old ones, and generally seeks to call in question the results of modern research. In one place we may say that he has failed to attack a modern writer when he might fairly have done so, and has attacked an ancient writer instead. It is plain that in Mr. Freeman's account of the four knights by whom Harold was killed, after that he had received his wound from the arrow, there is a certain amount of exaggeration or misconception, owing it would seem to the historian's having failed minutely to compare the account given by Bishop Guy of Amiens with the accounts in Wace and the Tapestry. But Mr. Planché, instead of attacking Mr. Freeman, falls foul of Bishop Guy as a “Latin libeller, flinging his wretched calumnies on noble and distinguished warriors.” We can assure him that the Bishop is quite guiltless, and that the modern writer must bear all the blame. At the same time we do not quite follow Mr. Planché's argument when he tells us, “Mr. Freeman says: ‘Nor are we amazed to find the son of Guy of Ponthieu foremost in showing despite to the man who had once been his father's prisoner.’” “Why,” continues Mr. Planché, “what had Harold done to injure Guy of Ponthieu? He was the injured, not the offender!” Mr. Planché would seem never to have heard the proverb that the man who has injured you will never forgive you, nor to have read the beginning of Lord Macaulay's Essay on Lord Stanhope's History.

It is wonderful how little Mr. Planché has to tell us about the Conqueror himself and his own family, except to be sure one fact which, if new, certainly is not true. Here and there, to be sure, his knowledge of costume comes in. He suggests that the trade of Herleva's father was not, as everybody before him has thought, that of a tanner, but the somewhat more savoury craft of a furrier. He reminds us too, when he gets to the absurd story of William courting Matilda by striking her with his spurs, that “the spurs of that day were not rowelled, but made with one spear-shaped point,” as indeed in another story she is represented as dying from a later blow of the same kind. This story indeed he does not believe, but he takes the worst possible view of the Conqueror's character in all matters. He believes the legend about Matilda and Brihtfrit; and he makes a ludicrous misquotation of a passage in the Chronicle which one would have thought every one knew by heart, as it is in most school histories of England. The Chronicler, describing Domesday, tells us that William's statistics, as may be seen by the Exon Domesday, were so minute that “there was not an ox or a cow or a swine, but he put it down in his writ.” This runs, in Mr. Planché's version, “so that not a rood of land, nor a living soul, nor a pig could escape his clutches, if upon any pretence whatever he thought fit to take possession of them.” The inference would seem to be that Mr. Planché holds that oxen and cows have living souls, but that pigs have not. It would have been well too if Mr. Planché had taken a little pains to get up the most obvious facts in geography. What are we to say to a man who, writing about the Conqueror and his companions, confounds Le Mans and Nantes? It is actually so; in describing the campaign by which Robert became possessed for a moment of the Cenomannian country and city, Mr. Planché carries him to Nantes, instead of to the city which he was striving to get possession of. The confusion between Le Mans and Nantes is as old as the false Ingulf; Mr. Planché or his printer has further improved the blunder by turning Nantes into Nantais.

Mr. Planché goes at some length through the great puzzle about those children of Matilda who were not children of William; but he really has nothing fresh to say about it. But he has no ground for trying to increase their number by a certain Richard Guet, of whom nothing is known, save that he appears in the Bermondsey Annals as a benefactor of that monastery in the year 1098, and that he is described as a brother of the Countess of Warren. Of course this means the Countess of Warren at the time, the wife of the second William of Warren. But Mr. Planché, for a reason which may satisfy a herald, but which will hardly satisfy anybody else, thinks that this must mean the elder Countess Gundrada, the daughter of Matilda, because the younger ought to have been described as “Countess of Warren and Surrey.” We will meet Mr. Planché on his own ground, and confess our doubts whether Gundrada had any right to be called Countess at all. On one point we must specially ask Mr. Planché for his references. He tells us twice, as if it was a thing that everybody knew and that there could be no doubt about, that Walter Giffard and Hugh of Gournay had a hand in the attempt of the *Aetheling* *Ælfred*. Mr. Planché, following one of the less trustworthy versions, sends Edward over

also to gain the crown after the death of Cnut. As some Normans came with the *Aetheling*, the thing is just possible; only one would like to know how they escaped from the clutches of Harold Harefoot; but it is really too bad to tell a tale of this kind of two perfectly well-ascertained persons, when there most certainly is not a word about it in any contemporary writer. He presently goes on to discuss a prodigious mare's-nest about what he calls the mysterious battle of Cardiff in 1074, in which Roger of Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, is said to have been killed. The whole thing is pure fiction, and comes out of the untrustworthy *Brut*, the one published by the Camden Archaeological Association. In the thoroughly trustworthy *Annales Cambriae* and in the earlier *Brut* there is not a word about it. But Mr. Planché, who never seems to understand what is evidence and what is not, goes for his facts to some late Norman Chronicle and to some modern Welsh books. The whole thing is part of the legendary conquest of Glamorgan, and nothing else.

There are other things which we might point out, curiously illustrating the wholly different way in which these things look to a herald and to a critical historian. Mr. Planché has not only brought up the old scandal about the famous William Peverel of Nottingham and the Peak being a natural son of the Conqueror, but he has found out that Thomas of Bayeux, Archbishop of York, was another. About William Peverel there is no evidence, and Mr. Planché has no new evidence. He is simply very angry with Mr. Freeman for refusing to accept Glover and Camden as if they had been writers of the eleventh century. The honour in short of the craft, the glory of all the dragons and wyverns, is set at nought. "Though Mr. Freeman is not bound to believe the herald, his uncorroborated assertion to the contrary is of no greater value." And again, "I am unfortunate in being opposed in my opinion to two such great authorities [Mr. Freeman and Mr. Eaton]; but until they produce something like evidence to support theirs, I cannot consent to surrender my own." Most becoming, if Mr. Freeman and Mr. Eaton had put forth any opinion or made any assertion. But Mr. Freeman at least makes no assertion; he simply refuses to believe an assertion for which no evidence is quoted. We should not like to be tried for any crime in a court where Mr. Planché was judge or juror. Though the prosecutor should bring no evidence whatever of our guilt, yet we should not be acquitted unless we could ourselves bring some evidence of our innocence.

We have said that Mr. Planché brings no evidence about William Peverel, for we assume that no one will call it evidence that there is a charter of William Peverel to Lenton Priory in which he speaks of the souls of King William and Queen Matilda, but not of those of any other parents of his own. Others, William of Warren for instance and Ivo Taillebois, were equally undutiful. But Mr. Planché's argument, if it proved anything, would go rather to prove William Peverel to be a son of the Queen as much as of the King. In Mr. Planché's eyes it proves him entitled to the unique description of "nullus filius."

In the yet stranger story about Archbishop Thomas, Mr. Planché does bring something like evidence. That is to say, he quotes a charter, said to be at Ghent, in which the Archbishop signs himself, in the printed text of Vredius, "Thomas Archiepiscopus Regis filius." But the signatures to the charter are strange and suspicious, and the best scholars hold that the name of the King's son Robert, who does not otherwise appear, while William Rufus does, has dropped out before the words "filius Regis." The parentage and history of the Archbishop are well known. He had travelled and studied in many lands and had held a high office in the church of Bayeux. To say nothing else, he is not likely to have been the son of a father who was only forty-two or forty-three years old at the time of his consecration. Besides, it is not likely that a natural son of the King should be called "filius Regis," once in his life and once only. About the bastards of Henry the First there is no mystery, though Mr. Planché, to be sure, blunders among them also, making the famous Robert Earl of Gloucester a son of Edith of Ely. "Robertus filius Edae" was another brother.

Mr. Planché in short is no critic; but his work would have been useful in a subsidiary way, if he had only given references for his statements about the lesser people concerned. As it is, the book is very nearly worthless.

#### BOSWELLIANA.\*

"BOSWELL," says Dr. Rogers, the editor of the work before us,

kept in a portfolio a quantity of loose quarto sheets, inscribed on each page Boswelliana. In certain of these sheets the pages are denoted by numerals in the ordinary fashion; another portion is numbered by the folios, while a further portion consists of loose leaves and letter-backs. The greater part of the entries are made so carefully as to justify the belief that the author intended to embody the whole in a volume of literary anecdotes.

This portfolio is now in the possession of Lord Houghton, by whom "it was lately handed to the Grampian Club, with a view to publication." Dr. Rogers, like his brother Scot, Mr. Main, whose abridgment or hash of Boswell's *Johnson* we criticized a few

\* *Boswelliana: the Commonplace Book of James Boswell*. With a Memoir and Annotations by the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., Historiographer of the Royal Historical Society, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and Corresponding Member of the Historical Society of New England; and Introductory Remarks by the Right Honourable Lord Houghton. London: Printed for the Grampian Club. 1874.

months ago, only ventures to come before the public under the protection of an Englishman. What Mr. Lewes did for Mr. Main, Lord Houghton has done for Dr. Rogers. Can it be that the Scotch still have such an awe of Johnson that, even in dealing with him indirectly through his biographer, they only feel themselves secure when under the wing of an Englishman? "Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires," the shade of Johnson might cry out. We could have wished that Lord Houghton had found an editor of his manuscripts of whom it could have been said, as it was said by Boswell of Malone, that he was Johnsonianissimus. Dr. Rogers has no doubt some special qualifications for the task he has taken in hand, and we can easily believe that Lord Houghton does not praise one part of the work too highly when he says, "Executed as it is by Dr. Rogers, it affords an interesting social picture of the Scotland of the day, and there are many families still living who will gladly recognize and welcome the words and thoughts of their ancestors." While we fully sympathize with the pleasure which these families still living will find in seeing their ancestors in print, we must confess that we often find the words and thoughts very tedious and commonplace. Surely even a Scotchman can enjoy a good story without requiring to know the pedigree of every one mentioned in it. Dr. Rogers ought, if his countrymen require these foot-notes, to have made them somewhat answer in length to the merits of each story. A good joke might have justified a long note. But we must protest when a foot-note of about forty lines is given in explanation of such a story as the following:—"A very awkward fellow was dancing at the Edinburgh Assembly. Matthew Henderson said, 'He looks like a professor of dislocation.'"

If there are any of Mr. Henderson's family still living, they will learn that he was a native of Ayrshire, that he long resided in Edinburgh, where his society was much cherished, that he dined regularly at Fortune's Tavern, that he was one of Burns's chief associates, that he subscribed for four copies of the second edition of his poems, that he died in the summer of 1790, and that his memory was celebrated by the Ayrshire bard in an elegiac poem. Nay, moreover, if a copy cannot be got of that rare work, Burns's Poems, Mr. Henderson's family still living will have the melancholy satisfaction of reading in Dr. Rogers's note no less than twelve lines of the elegy. They can read also a quotation from one of the poet's letters, and another from a tract by the Lord Chief Commissioner Adams, which was printed at the Blair-Adam press in 1836. In a note to "a list of eminent Scotsmen" which is given in this tract, they will find mentioned "Matthew Henderson, at a future period distinguished by Burns." No one can doubt, considering the minuteness with which it has been executed, that "the historical and biographical annotation of these anecdotes has been a work requiring considerable local knowledge and antiquarian research." At the same time, if we were not utterly indifferent to the facts contained in three-fourths of the notes, we should be in some fear as to their accuracy, when we notice the odd blunders into which the author has more than once fallen when he has crossed the Tweed. Lord Houghton certainly cannot be answerable for an excess of punctuation which appears in one passage in his Introductory Remarks. Perhaps, however, Dr. Rogers will charge the printer with the comma by which a certain Mr. Nassau, Senior would seem to be distinguished from a Mr. Nassau, Junior. It is strange, however, that an editor in correcting the proof-sheet should not, supposing he had the requisite knowledge, have detected a mistake so absurd as this. Be the fault whose it may, a man might be fully competent to edit a work of Boswell's even if he had never heard the name of Mr. Nassau Senior. But the blunder, or rather the blunders, into which Dr. Rogers falls in a note he gives to the following story, show an ignorance which is the most extraordinary in a writer who is entitled "The Historiographer of the Royal Historical Society":—

—, who translated Ariosto, had a dispute with Tom Wharton as to some passages of it. — knew the subject perfectly, but could not express himself. Wharton knew it very superficially, but wrote with ease and vivacity. Johnson said "The one had ball without powder, and the other powder without ball."

Now any one who, without being Johnsonianissimus, might yet claim to be at all events Johnsonianus, would at once have seen that if in the *Boswelliana* the name is written Wharton, it is so written by mistake. It is very improbable, however, that Boswell wrote Warton, "Wharton;" for a Scotchman who does not omit the aspirate in words that begin with *wh* is by no means likely to have inserted one where it was not required. We cannot but suspect, therefore, that Dr. Rogers, knowing nothing of Thomas Wharton, has thought he was more than justified in amending Boswell's spelling, and in converting Tom Warton into Tom Wharton. We will first quote the passage from Boswell, and then will give the Historiographer's learned note. Boswell says:—

Huggins, the translator of Ariosto, and Mr. Thomas Wharton, in the early part of his literary life, had a dispute concerning that poet, of whom Mr. Wharton, in his *Observations on Spenser's Fairy Queen*, gave some account which Huggins attempted to answer with violence, and said, "I will militate no longer against his *nescience*." Huggins was master of the subject, but wanted expression. Mr. Wharton's knowledge of it was then imperfect, but his manner lively and elegant. Johnson said, "It appears to me, that Huggins has ball without powder, and Wharton powder without ball."

Dr. Rogers, evidently in entire ignorance of this passage, gives the following note:—

Thomas, Marquess of Wharton, a vigorous supporter of William of Orange, was on account of his peculiar manners, familiarly known as Tom Wharton. He remained in favour with William III, and held high offices

of state under Queen Anne and George I. He composed the celebrated "Lillibullero," and used to boast that he had sung a king out of three kingdoms. He died 12th April, 1713.

Dr. Rogers, having first turned Tom Warton into the Marquis of Wharton, has then to account for the fact that so great a nobleman was called Tom. Utterly unaware that he was not born a marquis or even a lord, and that for the greater part of his life he was known as Mr. Thomas Wharton, he has to fall back on the hypothesis that if a nobleman is christened Thomas, peculiarity of manners will lead to his being familiarly known as Tom. He crowns his mistakes by killing off the Marquis in 1713, though he lived, as he has just told us, to hold a high office of state under George I. If he is inaccurate about one great Minister of those days, we have no fault to find with what he tells us of a yet greater Minister. Though it scarcely bears on Boswell, except so far that Boswell was told by Dr. Barnard, who was told by Dr. Delany, who must have heard it from Swift, that Parnell had been drinking when Swift introduced him to Lord Oxford, yet Dr. Rogers is not incorrect when he writes in a note, "Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, Lord High Treasurer, was a steady promoter of men of letters. His career forms an important part of the political history of England. He died 21st May, 1724."

Dr. Rogers charges Boswell, on the authority of Mr. Croker, with "omitting a conversation" that told against him. Johnson, as our readers will remember, was dining one day in a large company, when, as Boswell tells the story, "He repeated to us, in his forcible melodious manner, the concluding lines of the *Dunciad*. While he was talking loudly in praise of those lines, one of the company ventured to say, 'Too fine for such a poem—a poem on what?' Johnson (with a disdainful look), 'Why, on *dunces*. It was worth while being a dunce then. Ah, sir, hadst thou lived in those days! It is not worth while being a dunce now, when there are no wits.' Dr. Rogers gives a very inferior version of the same story, and charges Boswell with omission, though Mr. Forster in his *Life of Goldsmith* has pointed out, in reference to this same story, how often "the copyist gets himself quoted afterwards to corroborate or invalidate the only real authority." How unfamiliar is Dr. Rogers with his Boswell will be seen from the following fact. Many of the stories that are found among the *Boswelliana* are given also in the Life of Johnson, as Dr. Rogers, whenever he is aware of it, is careful in each case to inform his readers. Of the first twelve stories in the present collection that are common to both books, Dr. Rogers has only noted down two. We shall have done enough if we give one more instance of his unfitness for his task when he gets outside of his local knowledge. Every one who has read the Life will remember how, when Boswell was on the eve of starting for Utrecht, he and Johnson spent a day together at Greenwich. Dr. Rogers thus gives his account of that celebrated day:—

"Come," said Johnson, "let us make a day of it; let us go down to Greenwich and dine, and talk of it fully, so that I shall say,—

On Thames's bank in silent thought we stood,  
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood."

The friends proceeded to Greenwich on Saturday, the 30th. They inspected the hospital, walked in the park, and returning to London by the river, closed the day's excursion by supping together at the "Turk's Head." During the evening Boswell entertained his Mentor by expatiating on the history of his house, and the extent and importance of the family estate. By Johnson no allusion was made to the ostensible purpose of the meeting; it was enough that on a day of the week when Boswell was likely to meet with bad counsellors, he and his purse were protected from their embrace.

In a note to the verses he says, "This account of the quotation from Johnson's poem of 'London' is contained in a letter addressed by Boswell to Sir D. Dalrymple. In the 'Life of Johnson' Boswell states that the quotation was made by himself." Boswell states no such thing. He says, "I was much pleased to find myself with Johnson at Greenwich, which he celebrates in his 'London' as a favourite scene. I had the poem in my pocket, and read the lines aloud with enthusiasm." He does not indeed mention in his Life, as he does in his letter, that two days before Johnson had quoted these lines to him. But a writer is not to be charged with a falsehood—a falsehood too that could only have sprung from the most contemptible vanity—because he says that he read aloud a passage on Saturday which his friend had quoted on the previous Thursday. But the whole passage is as incorrect as the note. "By Johnson," says Dr. Rogers, "no allusion was made to the ostensible purpose of the meeting." No allusion was made at the "Turk's Head," because "the ostensible purpose of the meeting" had been fulfilled at Greenwich. "I recollect," says Boswell, "with admiration, an animating blaze of eloquence, which roused every intellectual power in me to the highest pitch, but must have dazzled me so much that my memory could not preserve the substance of his discourse." What, by the way, does Dr. Rogers mean by "the day of the week when Boswell was likely to meet with bad counsellors"? He was certainly too fond of the bottle, and likely enough, "concluding," as he did, "the day at the 'Turk's Head' very socially," he may have drunk quite as much as was good for him; but as the Saturday half-holiday was unknown in his time, it is scarcely probable that Johnson on that day kept him with him with a view to protect him and his purse from the embrace of bad counsellors. It was only, by the way, about a fortnight before this that Boswell, complaining to his friend Dempster "that drinking port and sitting up late with Johnson affected my nerves for some time after," received the reply, "One had better be palsied at eighteen than not keep company with such a man."

It is difficult to conceive for what sort of readers this lengthy

Memoir has been written. Who will care for a Life of Boswell that does not care for the Life of Johnson, and who that cares for the Life of Johnson will care to have it given in an abstract? We are willing to allow that there could be few harder tasks than to write a Memoir of Boswell. Wherever his life touched Johnson's so much is already known that his biographer might be fairly puzzled about the plan that he ought to pursue. The task would have been far easier no doubt if only "the *Journal*" had been preserved "in which," to quote Dr. Rogers, "he recorded the diurnal occurrences of his own life." Dr. Rogers does the best he can to supply the want of this diurnal journal by giving, wherever he has an opportunity, the briefest account of matters which in themselves are utterly unimportant. Boswell spent not a few Easters with Johnson, and often records the services they attended together. There is nothing impudent in these records; on the contrary, they generally introduce with propriety the conversation that took place on the way to or from church. But Dr. Rogers, writing as he does for Scotchmen, thinks no doubt that the chief matter is the fact that Boswell went regularly to church. On Good Friday 1774 he tells us "that they were present at three religious services." On Good Friday 1778 "they spent Good Friday together, Boswell accompanying the lexicographer [Dr. Rogers delights in calling Johnson the lexicographer] to morning and evening service in St. Clement's Church." In 1779 Boswell "spent Good Friday with Dr. Johnson, attending him at both diets (*sic*) of worship in St. Clement's Church." The Good Friday of 1781 "was, as usual, spent with Dr. Johnson, the friends worshipping together in St. Clement's Church." Again, in 1783 "the friends worshipped together in St. Clement's Church on Good Friday." How disproportionately these accounts of the religious observances of one day to the rest of the narrative will be seen when we state that to the entire history of the years between 1774 and 1783 not forty pages are given.

Dr. Rogers's work might well be used as a model of paraphrasing by those unfortunate tutors who have to prepare students for the Civil Service Examinations. He is describing, for instance, the poet Derrick, and says, "Introduced to Johnson, he obtained a share of the lexicographer's regard, but while entertaining affection for him as a man, the moralist reproved his muse and condemned his levity." The moralist had condemned his levity, as our readers may remember, by saying, "Derrick may do very well as long as he can outrun his character, but the moment his character gets up with him it is all over." He had reproved his muse by replying, when he was asked "whether he reckoned Derrick or Smart the best poet?" "Sir, there is no settling the point of precedence between a louse and a flea."

We have said nothing as yet about the collection of stories which Boswell made under the title of *Boswelliana*. On some future occasion we may hope to find an opportunity of considering these apart from their editor.

#### GABRIEL DENVER.\*

NOTHING would be easier than to treat this book from the purely ludicrous point of view. It abounds in crudities and extravagance; it frequently passes the narrow limits which divide the sublime from the ridiculous; and, in short, it has all the distinctive marks of the first production of a clever young man. It is highly probable that at some future time Mr. Madox Brown may himself look back with some amusement upon this, which we take to be his first literary venture; and he might then be inclined to forgive us if we had treated him rather harshly. However, the slashing style of criticism has gone rather out of date, and for sufficient reasons. If a man is simply a fool, it does very little good to proclaim that fact to the world at large, and it is not likely to do much good to him. We may doubt, indeed, whether genius has often been stamped out by hostile criticism. Most youthful geniuses have a sufficient stock of vanity to incline them rather to hug the character of martyr than to abandon their efforts to enlighten an unappreciative world. But mere ridicule is at best an infliction of some useless pain, and should be kept for its rightful uses. When a man of talent is actually misleading the public taste, and when his literary error is complicated by the moral defects of arrogance and cynicism, the critic may apply the lash unreservedly in the hope of reforming the criminal, or at least diminishing his following. We may possibly admit, moreover, that there are some kinds of stupidity so overweening and obtrusive that almost any weapons of assault are justifiable. Mr. Brown, however, does not come within any of these categories. His errors are obviously the errors of youth. His taste requires to be cultivated; but he has been honestly aiming at a high result. Moreover, in spite of his faults, there are indications of power about his writing which call for lenient treatment. And therefore, though we cannot pass over his faults in silence, we desire to be understood as admitting that *Gabriel Denver* shows a promise of better things, and is not so absurd as some of our remarks may appear to imply.

The story is simple enough. There is no want of unity either of scenery or motive. We might describe it roughly by saying that Mr. Brown appears to have adopted Rochester, his first wife, and Jane Eyre, from Miss Brontë's first novel, set them adrift together on the ocean, and involved them in a melodramatic ad-

\* *Gabriel Denver*. By Oliver Madox Brown. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1873.

venture after the manner of Mr. Charles Reade. The statement, however, would be inaccurate in many ways, though it serves to hit off some of the most prominent peculiarities of the story. Mr. Brown does not possess Miss Bronte's power of describing certain types of character; nor has he Mr. Charles Reade's peculiar realism. The events, extravagant enough in themselves, are generally set forth in a highflowed poetical style which suggests that the author has been just reading Shelley's "Vision of the Sea." Storm and fire, and gorgeous sunsets, and blazing tropical noons are described with considerable flow of language, and the sentiments of the actors are for the most part so highly pitched, that we rather wonder that they can preserve their sanity, as indeed some of them do not, to the end of the volume. The main facts can be briefly described, and they will show sufficiently what scope Mr. Brown has allowed himself, till we end by doubting whether we have been reading a romance or the description of a nightmare.

Mr. Gabriel Denver is a young man left an orphan in Tasmania. The only other member of his family is his cousin, Miss Deborah Mallinson. Deborah has lived with him all his life, and after the death of his parents and his sister, she makes him an offer of marriage. Gabriel replies in the ordinary language of heroines, "I cannot love you." Deborah does not care for such a trifling, and the young man finally surrenders at discretion. The unwilling victim is about to be led to the altar as helplessly as Captain Cuttle, when the news comes that he has inherited an estate in England. He wishes immediately to start by a ship which is just sailing, but Deborah is much too keen to allow him to start alone. She takes her passage in the same ship, being thoroughly determined not to lose sight of him till the ceremony has been performed. "Some marriage," as Mr. Brown pathetically remarks, "are bitter, bitter mockeries!" However, there are a good many slips between the cup and the lip, and the affianced cousins are destined to experience the truth of this doctrine. Their only fellow-passenger is a young woman of exquisite beauty. Gabriel sees her as he is looking at the ship on the eve of his departure, and straightway falls in love with her as decidedly as Romeo fell in love with Juliet. Before he has even been able to speak to her his doom is fixed. He takes his second look at her through a telescope, as she is gazing from the deck:—

From that moment he knew that he loved her irrevocably. No merely human words could describe all the tumultuous longings and thoughts which thronged his brain; for there are some phases of human passion which, while they last, can never be described in mere words—only some of our most madly inspired musicians have been divinely gifted with power to eliminate and strike these chords; for which indeed their art seems the only possible utterance.

The three persons thus described are confined together on board ship for many weeks, for it is in the old days of slow passages. Their position, as may be supposed, becomes very disagreeable to one of the persons concerned. Gabriel is entirely absorbed in his passion. He is in the state irreverently described in modern slang as "spooning." He can think of nothing but the lovely Laura; he cannot even find time to say a word to the officers of the ship; still less does he speak to the gloomy Deborah, who looks on with unimaginable feelings at the treacherous youth from whom she has extorted a promise of marriage; he sits through the evenings by the side of Laura, who speedily returns his affections, and he even raves about her in his dreams. Within a week after they have sailed Deborah hears him saying aloud in his sleep, "Laura, Laura, I love you!" A more disagreeable incident occurs soon afterwards. Gabriel sees a dark figure on the deck one night, and instantly clasps her in his arms with enthusiastic passion. Unluckily the figure turns out to be Deborah, who proceeds to revile him in language more frequently heard upon the stage than in real life. "O God!" she exclaims, "after all I have done and suffered from you"—which, by the way, appears to be nothing more than forcing him to promise marriage—"to be kissed and embraced by mistake for another woman!" After two or three pages of raving, she adds that she has bitten her lips till her mouth was full of blood to restrain herself, but that she will have it out now. We may ask, parenthetically, whether anybody out of a novel ever did bite his or her lips till the blood came; we have tried the process in an experimental spirit, but have never succeeded in actually drawing blood. However, Miss Deborah would have done it if anybody ever could, judging by the spirit of her concluding remarks:—

"You can't and shan't get rid of me" [she exclaims]. "I swear you shall share all my sorrows to the last bitter, bitter drop. I'll cling to you to the last hour of your existence, and make every day of your life as great a curse to you as you have made mine to me. Ah! you feel my words; but I'll make you wince still further yet, till you are as mad and wretched as you have made me, though you have some one to love you."

A great deal more of the same kind follows, and the lady nearly tempts the gentleman to throw her overboard and "stain his soul with murder as well as perjury." Gabriel, being a man of high principle, feels that there is really some force in the remonstrances addressed to him; and the situation is rapidly becoming unbearable. When a luckless young man is shut up with two such companions in a ship at sea, he is in a very awkward position; and it is hard to say what might have happened in real life. There can, however, be no doubt of what must happen in a fiction of this class. In fact, Miss Deborah follows the example of Mrs. Rochester under circumstances which make her performance much more disastrous. She sets fire to the ship, which, amongst its cargo, has a large supply of turpentine on board, and burns with fearful rapidity.

Then follows a description which, in spite of its pure absurdity, is by no means wanting in power. All kinds of grotesque and horrible incidents occur; rats try to escape, and a monkey is shrivelled up, and an albatross drops into the flames; the sailors swear and struggle and perform acts of heroism. Ultimately, owing to a series of incidents on which we need not dwell, the hero and the two ladies find themselves adrift in a boat, without any kind of supplies, while the ship is speedily burnt before their eyes. It is unpleasant enough to be alone at sea with the lady you love and with another who is prepared to murder you and her out of jealousy, as must be admitted; but it is still more unpleasant to be exposed with the same two ladies in a small boat under a tropical sun with nothing to eat or drink. Poor Gabriel endeavours to make the best of a bad business, though perhaps he hardly shows that fertility of resource which would have distinguished one of Mr. Reade's heroes under similar circumstances. His most promising device is fishing with a crooked pin and a bit of string in the middle of the ocean. As might be expected, he does not catch anything, though his bait is a piece of cloth stained with his own blood. We regret to add that, though misfortune occasionally softens the heart, it does not produce any appreciable effect upon Miss Deborah. She continues to sulk as savagely as ever, and when she speaks at last, her remarks have a most unchristian and reprehensible character. The two lovers are pretty much absorbed in each other's sufferings, and the sight of their misfortunes is apparently the only consolation of which Miss Deborah is sensible under her own.

And here perhaps it is as well that we should conclude our account of the book. We will leave our readers to imagine a conclusion for themselves. If they are benevolent, they will probably hope that a ship picks up the outcasts before the worst happens, and that an eloquent missionary on board succeeds in converting Deborah and inducing her to confess and give her blessing to the marriage. If they are of sterner stuff, they will probably wish that the wicked may be punished, that Deborah may be driven out of the senses of which she made so bad a use, and that Gabriel may have some sufficient reason to regret his fickleness. Possibly it would not be quite out of keeping with the rest of the story if the precedent of the *Ancient Mariner* were followed out, and supernatural machinery introduced to conclude the development of the plot. There are simple-minded persons who cannot read a story with satisfaction when they know beforehand what is to be the nature of the catastrophe; and in consideration of their feelings we will not unveil the secret. To Mr. Brown, however, we must still say a word or two in conclusion. We began by saying that he showed some genuine power. Probably the quotations we have made will scarcely tend to persuade our readers that we were quite sincere in our compliments. We must therefore explain, in justice to the author, that the power of which we spoke is to be found rather in his descriptions of natural scenery, which are generally good, and often very spirited, than in the speeches of his characters. They rant in language of which we can seldom approve, even partially; and we will therefore suggest to him that he would do well to remember that power is not shown in simply "piling up the agony" so decisively as in judicious self-restraint. The great writer can make the most commonplace objects pathetic or terrible; it is so far a proof of inferiority when a man is forced to strain his voice to the uttermost at every page and to keep his passion always at boiling point. If Miss Deborah had been allowed a few human sympathies, if she had occasionally relented or struggled to command her passion, she would have been a much more effective personage. The reader should be induced to have some kind of sympathy even with the wicked actors, or he does not take any interest in their ravings. Deborah is a mere demon in petticoats; we listen to her as to a mere embodiment of rant, and cannot pity her even for her disappointment in love. Nobody would be much affected by Othello if he had been throughout the play at the height of one of his furious fits of jealousy. Deborah is nothing but a continuous shriek; to which we must add that her language has not even the recommendation of originality or picturesqueness. Mr. Brown, in fact, like many young men, has thrown the reins on the neck of his rhetoric, and in the constant effort to be impressive has not only taken leave of common sense, but has overlooked some of the most obvious resources of his imaginary situations. If he had not incidentally given some promising indications of what he might accomplish in saner moods, we should not have noticed his story; as it is, we hope that when we meet with him again he may show his power over our feelings more decidedly by not attempting to use it so despotsically.

#### TAYLOR'S ETRUSCAN RESEARCHES.\*

SOME months ago (May 3, 1873) we laid before our readers the grounds on which Lord Crawford rested his conclusion that the old Etruscan language was nothing more or less than a High Dutch dialect. Before him Dr. Donaldson had regarded it as a Low German idiom not improved by its contact with Umbrian, while Dr. Prichard had refused to allow that anything was tolerably well established with regard to it beyond its connexion with the Indo-European, or, as it is now called, the Aryan, family of languages. Professor Corssen's work on the subject still remains a promise for the future. In the meanwhile Mr. Taylor's volume comes to shatter even the more cautious hypothesis of Dr. Prichard.

\* *Etruscan Researches.* By Isaac Taylor, M.A. Author of "Words and Places." London: Macmillans. 1874.

In such a controversy as this we must content ourselves with endeavouring to insure a fair hearing for all who may be entitled to be heard at all. That Lord Crawford had this title we were constrained to allow, although we expressed our misgivings that for not a few of his conclusions his arguments and evidence were perilously slender. He had done all perhaps that could be done to establish his hypothesis, and thus far his toil was by no means thrown away. If, after all his efforts, his conclusions should be proved to have no higher merit than that of ingenuity, there would be a more complete justification for attempts to seek a solution of the mystery elsewhere.

That Lord Crawford's method did not take him back far enough is unfortunately only too plain. There might be danger in connecting the Etruscan *Kahatal* with the old German *haftig*; but it was clearly necessary to deal with a suffix which seemed to connect it still more closely with agglutinative dialects. The name *Andas*, said by Hesychius to be an Etruscan word, might be plausibly compared with the Latin *ventus* and the Teutonic *wind*; but the question to be first settled would be the measure in which Latin or Aryan words might or might not have found their way into a non-Latin or non-Aryan vocabulary, just as, on the other side, the assertion that *ventus* was a Latin word would stand or fall with the evidence which might prove the extent of importations into Latin from Etruscan. The present languages of the Persians and the Ottoman Turks have more than a sprinkling of Arabic and other foreign words; and any reasoning which should treat words so borrowed as belonging to Persian or to Osmanli must necessarily be worthless. In short, it might be said that Lord Crawford's method, although fairly entitled to consideration, was defective; that, in seeking to recover the key to an extinct language, he should have begun with those words which no people ever borrows from another; that from these he should have advanced to the primary grammatical developments in pronouns and inflections; that all these should have been carefully compared with the numerals, pronouns, and case-endings of other dialects or families of speech, and that no positive conclusions should be laid down until their affinity with some one or other of these should be satisfactorily ascertained; that, after laying this foundation, the next task would be the comparison of the names of gods or other beings worshipped by the one people with the gods of other nations—an inquiry bringing us into the regions of Comparative Mythology; that the next step should lead to the consideration of their habits, their laws, and their religion, and that lastly any peculiarities in the position or fortunes of the people in question should be sufficiently accounted for or explained.

Such a method would not only be more safe than that of Lord Crawford, but it could not fail to be infinitely more interesting; and the adoption of this method by Mr. Taylor would alone suffice to make his volume altogether more attractive. Indeed from first to last its interest never flags; and the reader as he closes the book will feel that, even if Mr. Taylor's conclusions cannot in every instance be sustained, the conditions of the controversy have at the least been materially changed. If we take first the numerals, we may beyond all doubt say that the dialect which has *tessares*, *hex*, and *deka* belongs to the same family of languages with dialects which express the same numbers by *petores*, *quatuor*, *fidvor*, *four* and *fiier*, by *six*, *sir*, and *sechs*, by *dasan*, *decem*, *zehn*, and *ten*. Happily the discovery of a pair of dice about five-and-twenty years ago in a tomb near Toscanella furnishes the means of a comparison which up to that time, in spite of inscriptions containing the written names for higher numbers, was wholly wanting. These dice, instead of the usual dots or pips, displayed six monosyllabic words, the necessary conclusion being that these words denoted the numbers from one to six. The words were *mach*, *thu*, *huth*, *ki*, *zal*, and *sa*. A comparison of these numerals with those of Teutonic and Semitic dialects gave, in Mr. Taylor's opinion, no result at all; but he had no sooner passed the borders of Turanian speech than the darkness began to be dispelled. In seventeen of the Tatar dialects belonging to the Turkic family the word *bar-mach* denotes a "finger," while in Lesghi the finger-nail is *manch*, in Burjat *ko-moh-on*. In Tungusic dialects the word assumes the forms *umuk-kotschar* and *amuk-utshon*, and in these dialects the numeral one is denoted by *amukon*, *umukon*, and two or three similar forms. In Lapp and Wogul the word for six is *kot*, in Hungarian it is *hat*, "a form which closely approximates to the Etruscan *huth*."

As we are neither affirming nor denying his conclusions, it is unnecessary to follow Mr. Taylor further in this part of his task, and we turn to the more entertaining chapters on Etruscan and Latin mythology. It is impossible to deny the straightforwardness of the process which takes all the names of deities or objects of reverence found in the sepulchres or on the vases and mirrors of the Etruscans, and submits them impartially to comparison with names belonging to the mythological systems of the surrounding nations. These beings may be distinguished at a glance in those groups, almost always beautiful, often most touching, which represent the parting of kinsfolk and friends. Some of them are winged, all are marked as wearing buskins. Among the most important of these beings are *Kulmu*, which, coming out of a tomb with torch and spears, seems to represent the spirit of the grave; and *Vanth*, with a key or club, the angel of death or destruction. Taking these two at starting, Mr. Taylor proceeds to inquire whether in any known Aryan, Turanian, or Semitic language the word *Kulmu* denotes the grave, the word *Vanth* the power of death; and although the Aryan and Semitic dialects furnish no clue, he finds that in the old Finn mythology *Kalma* is the name

of the deity ruling over the grave and its inhabitants, the *Kalevala* speaking of the dead as those "who have disappeared in *Kalma*." In the speech of the modern Finns the same word has come to denote the smell of a corpse. In Ostiak the word *Kul* means death, and *Kuly* is a malignant deity worshipped in connexion with the grave. In Lapp the grave is *Kalme*, in Wogul *Koloma*, while the Turkish exhibits in *Ghoul*, with much the same meaning, a word more familiar to English ears. This, it must be admitted, looks like strong evidence. For Vanth Mr. Taylor holds that the Turkish dictionary furnishes a sufficient explanation. "In Turkish *vani* means ready to perish, and the substantive *fena*, *vana*, means destruction, annihilation, death; . . . in the Kot dialect *fenan* means ashes; and in the so-called Yenissei-Ostiak dialect *menan* corrupt, rotten." However this may be, it seems clear that the Etruscan *Vanth* must be compared with the Latin *vanus*, possibly with the English *wan*, the Latin *vanesce* certainly expressing a readiness to perish not less than the Turkish *vani*. In other words, we have to face the questions how far Latin words may have been imported into Etruscan, and if these, then Greek or English, or any other Aryan languages, may not possess common elements derived from the same source. Thus the matter to be determined is the radical connexion of all the three great families of human speech; for if the connexion be established in the case of the Aryan and Turanian languages, it can scarcely be believed that the same connexion can fail to be proved between these and the Semitic.

The passages in which Mr. Taylor touches on this subject are among the most interesting and certainly among the most important in his volume; but we cannot say that the points of likeness (whether accidental or not) are confined to those instances in which he fairly admits the resemblance, or in which he traces it to a deliberate borrowing of Latin words by the Etruscans. Thus, with some plausibility or even cogency, the name of the *Boudioi*, a Median tribe mentioned by Herodotus, is identified with the tribe names of the *Vod* and *Wotiaks*, and with the Hungarian town of *Buda*; while the name of the *Mardians*, another Median tribe, is connected with the Finn word *mart* or *murt*, "men." It seems odd that the Finnic and Median names should answer to the Greek *βορές*, the Latin *mortalis*; that the Lapp *tjarrok*, supposed to be found in the Etruscan *Tarquin*, and translated by the Latin "rigidus," should resemble the Teutonic *stork*; that the Turanian *asiar*, the gods, should be so like the Aryan *Asir*. But although these instances may have escaped his notice, Mr. Taylor does not hesitate to face the question and to answer it as comparative mythologists have already answered questions relating to the affinities of Greeks, Hindus, Persians, and Englishmen. The Aryan numeral for 5, he asserts, corresponds to the Turanian numeral for 2, while the Aryan words for 2 and 10 are ultimately the same as the Turanian word for 5. "This," he adds, "would seem to indicate that the separation of the Aryan and Turanian families took place at a period when the two words for *hand* and *arm* were already in existence, but before the art of numeration had been attained." The interest and importance of such discussions cannot be denied, but the dealing with them is rather too much like moving among quick-sands. We need feel little scruple in treating words like *Lars*, *Lucumo*, *Ludus*, *Manes*, *Lares*, and some others which the Romans themselves admitted or asserted to be Etruscan; nor, if the Turanian or Ugric origin of the latter be proved by the numerals, the pronouns, the case-endings, and the grammatical system generally, need we be surprised to learn that *Lucumo*, or rather the Etruscan *Laukane*, is simply the Tatar *ulug-kan*, the great prince or Grand Cham—in short, the famous *Hulagu-khan*; that the Etruscan *Lituus* reappears in the Samoiedic word for "crook," *nidea*, and that the supposed Latin *fanum* is but the Latinised form of the Etruscan *Vanth*. But when we are told that the Etruscan *Atr*, a day, is the same word as the Tungus *tyr-ga*, a day, we may ask whether it is also to be connected with the Teutonic *Tyr*. Not less significant is the alleged connexion of the supposed Latin *securis*, an axe, with the Turanian root *kes*, a stone, and the Finnic *kerweys*, an axe, the first syllable linking it with the Chinese *sah*, or *shih*, a stone, the *Tscherkes* *sch*, a knife, the Mongol *suke*, an axe. If this be so, we are brought near, on the steppes of Tatar, not only to the Latin *saxum*, but to the old English *seax*. Sometimes, indeed, we are tempted to resist, as where old Charon, whom we have been in the habit of referring to the familiar Aryan root which has given us gaping chasms, is carried off bodily to Turanian soil; but we have some compensation in the statement, which we commend to Mr. Rawlinson's careful attention, that "the *lada* of the Syrian inscriptions . . . may possibly be an abraded form of the Etruscan *larthia*." We are even more sorry, if so it must be, to part with the supposed Latin *Minerva*, in whom Professor Max Müller has discerned a loftier and more intellectual conception than in the Hellenic *Athéna*. "The usual *pis-aller* derivation from the Latin *mens*, although adopted both by Cox and Preller, must be summarily rejected by the instinct of every comparative mythologist" (136). It is not easy to see why an explanation given by Grimm long before it was adopted by any living mythologists should be thus summarily cast aside, so long as the close affinity of Latin with Greek be admitted, or until it be shown that there is still stronger reason for seeking the origin of the name elsewhere. The case is altered if the fact be true that *Menerva* is a pure Ugric word, the first syllable *Men* denoting the sky, the second *er* meaning red, and the whole denoting the red heaven or the dawn.

On these philological and grammatical foundations Mr. Taylor rests the arguments which he carries through an examination of the society, the laws, and religion of the Etruscans to the conclusion that their dominant tribes belonged to that portion of the Ugric stock which is now represented by the tribes of the Kot Yenissei, who not many years ago called themselves Assan or Assena, a name "which may probably be regarded as identical with the name (R)asenna, which the Etruscan nation applied to themselves" (365). The conquered clan, he believes, belonged to the European or Finnic branch of the same stem; and thus in the far North-East, the object of the mysterious veneration of the Etruscan augurs, he finds the early home of this wonderful people, whose genius, as he holds, has given birth to all the glories of the art of Christian Italy. With such problems as these to be taken up and solved, the interest attaching to mere records of birth and death, the staple of Etruscan inscriptions, must be at best secondary. But the language in which they are written is of infinite significance; and we look with impatience for a more thorough working of a field as full of interest as it is important.

## ALBANY FONBLANQUE.\*

In this volume we have a brief memoir of Mr. Albany Fonblanche, and a selection from his writings in the *Examiner*. Some of the latter are perhaps rather too small to be worth reproducing, and it would, we should have thought, have been well to reprint the essays entitled "England under Seven Administrations," which were published by the writer himself. Fonblanche's life was simple and unexciting, but his labours are identified with the political and literary history of his age. There was an individuality about his work which was very marked, and which made him known as a sort of personal acquaintance to many who were ignorant of his name. His pithy little articles were eagerly looked for every week, and exercised considerable influence; and they deserve to be remembered for their literary merit as well as for the light which they throw on the politics of the period.

Albany Fonblanche was the descendant of an old French Huguenot family, and did not forget his origin. His study was adorned with a framed parchment representing a genealogical tree dating back five centuries, surrounded by an elaborately emblazoned coat of arms, and further embellished in the margin with the quarterings of successive generations of Fonblanches. His father obtained a royal licence to resume the original family name of De Grenier de Fonblanche, but his second son alone availed himself of this sanction. There was perhaps a trace of the Frenchman in the turn of Albany Fonblanche's wit and polished sarcasm. His life was the uneventful life of a professional man of letters, who was also in a great degree an invalid. At every age he seems to have been sickly and suffering. A friend said to him one day, "I never saw you looking better or any other man looking worse than you do"; and he said of himself in cold weather, "Given six drops of blood in a man's veins, how warm would he be with the glass below zero?" In fact, as he used to remark, he never could realize what people meant by saying that they were "quite well." He was intended for the army—the Engineers—but his health broke down at the outset. He next studied for the Bar, but although he valued the principles he had no taste for the practice of the law. The retired and sedentary occupation of a journalist suited him better. Indeed he appears to have been deficient in the robustness and physical energy which are essential to success in an active career. He was fitted to be a spectator and critic rather than an actor. The only remarkable incident in his literary career was that it brought him to the verge of a duel with Lord Brougham. Fonblanche had written a review of Moore's Life of Sheridan, for which he was violently attacked in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, which he suspected to come from the pen of Brougham. He called upon Brougham to say frankly whether or not he was his assailant. Brougham denied his right to put the question; other letters followed, and when Brougham complained that he had been insulted, Fonblanche at once offered him satisfaction. A duel was arranged; but it was averted by Brougham's second proposing an appeal to Lord Dudley as a common friend. Lord Dudley decided that "Mr. F. is not entitled to call upon Mr. B. to answer whether or not he is the author of a certain paper in the *Edinburgh Review*," inasmuch as it was the case of one "anonymous writer animadverting on another, merely with a view to what he has written, and without the slightest reference, directly or by innuendo, to any particular person."

Fonblanche made his mark in the periodical literature of the day almost at the first stroke; and, instead of having to seek employment, he was eagerly pressed for contributions. Bentham was anxious for some of his "inimitable prolixions." Campbell the poet begged him to help the *New Monthly*, John Black wanted him for the *Morning Chronicle*, and Stuart Mill and Bulwer Lytton were also among his suitors. He was, however, a slow, laborious, and extremely fastidious writer. It is said that he expended himself much in phrase, polishing and hardening elaborately, and it is evident from his style that he wanted sustained vigour. He had, as an admirer said, "strength, but not length; he had no 'rush'; it was rather a series of brilliant leaps which told severely on the mind. He could do excellently well, but he could not do

much." Constant writing was painful and exhausting to him, and he did wisely therefore in limiting himself chiefly to the *Examiner*. He was editor of that paper down to 1847, when he accepted the office of Statistical Secretary to the Board of Trade, but he continued to write for it for some years afterwards. His articles were thoroughly original, both in shape and flavour. They were usually very short, and formed a setting either for a good story aptly introduced, or for epigrams of his own. M. Van de Weyer once called him "the Paul Louis Courier of England," and his graceful yet pungent wit justified the parallel. In a notice of Dr. Fellowes, the proprietor of the *Examiner*, Fonblanche described his politics as those of "an enlightened Radical Reformer; more than Whig, but short of Chartist"; and on another occasion he remarked of Lord Durham that he was "not a reformer of the Republican class, but occupied, as it were, the frontier line of Constitutional Reform." Either description would apply equally to Fonblanche himself. George Grote and John Stuart Mill were among his most intimate friends, but he had no mind to be reckoned among the philosophical Radicals. On this point the writer of the present Memoir observes:—

Starting from the same point, these three men in time came to occupy a prominent position in the Radical party; but, although there was a perfect agreement in the abstract principles upon which their political creed was founded, the difference in the order of their minds and natures soon created a marked divergence in practice. Fonblanche, though thoroughly in earnest, was never an enthusiast. He was of the three the least theoretical, and, for that reason, perhaps, the most moderate in his views. Both Grote and Mill had an overweening admiration for a republican form of government, as the highest and purest of all political systems, and the one best calculated to ensure the true object of good government: the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Fonblanche, on the contrary, used to maintain that a form of government was the result, and not the cause, of national life, and that it mattered little whether the head of the State were called King or President while the people were inspired with a spirit of freedom and a love of liberty. Grote, even at the mature age of fifty-five, had so far retained his youthful ardour as to feel elated by the mere fact of "living under a republic," when he visited France in 1849—a sensation which to Fonblanche, whose mind was singularly unimpressible to mere outward forms or names, must have been quite incomprehensible. Indeed, it may be said that, on this subject, Fonblanche's first start in political thought was identical with the stage which George Grote attained by slow and painful conviction, resulting from the experience of half a century. Grote says in 1869:—"I have outlived my faith in the efficacy of a republican Government as a check upon the vulgar passions of the majority in a nation; and I recognize the fact that supreme power lodged in their hands may be exercised quite as mischievously as by a despotic ruler like the first Napoleon."

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the brightness and point of such writings as those of Fonblanche by means of extracts. Much of their success of course depended upon their opportuneness at the moment, and occasionally the fun is rather over-elaborated and fine drawn. Yet there is enough salt in the dish to preserve its relish even now. A Lord Chancellor engaged in law reform is likened to a hare beating a drum:—

One upon a time, at a fair, we saw a hare beating a drum. The distress of the hare at a performance so repugnant to its quiet, timid nature may easily be imagined. At the sound of every tap the hare recoiled, but he persisted nevertheless; and, not sparing himself long rolls of the drum now and then, which seemed as nothing less than death to his nature, he yet held on till the conclusion of his ill-allotted part. No creature but a hare could do the thing of which it was so intensely afraid.

The absurdly minute and circumstantial accounts of the Duke of Wellington's personal habits which appeared in the newspapers when he took office in 1828 furnished a tempting subject for caricature:—

The Duke of Wellington generally rises at about eight. Before he gets out of bed he commonly pulls off his nightcap. . . . The Duke of Wellington's pockets are in the skirts of his coat, and the holes perpendicular. He wears false horizontal flaps which have given the world an erroneous opinion of their position. The Duke of Wellington drinks tea for breakfast, which he sweetens with white sugar and corrects with cream. He commonly stirs the fluid two or three times with a spoon before he raises it to his lips. The Duke of Wellington eats toast and butter, cold ham, tongue, fowls, beef, or eggs, and sometimes both meat and eggs; the eggs are generally those of the common domestic fowl. . . . Before the Duke goes out, he has his hat and gloves brought him by a servant. The Duke of Wellington always puts his hat on his head and the gloves on his hands. The Duke's daily manner of mounting his horse is the same that it was on the morning of the glorious battle of Waterloo. His Grace first takes the rein in his left hand, which he lays on the horse's mane; he then puts his left foot in the stirrup, and with a spring brings his body up, and his right leg over the body of the animal by the way of the tail, and thus places himself in the saddle; he then drops his right foot into the stirrup, puts his horse to a walk, and seldom falls off, being an admirable equestrian. When acquaintances and friends salute the Duke in the streets, such is his affability that he either bows, touches his hat, or recognizes their civility in some way or other. The Duke of Wellington very commonly says, "How are you?"—"It's a fine day"—"How d'ye do?"—and makes frequent and various remarks on the weather, and the dust or the mud, as it may be. . . . In the House of Lords the Duke's manner of proceeding is this: he walks up to the fire-place, turns his back to it, separates the skirts of his coat, tossing them over the dexter and sinister arms, thrusts his hands in his breeches' pockets, and so stands at ease. The characteristic of the Duke's oratory is a brevity the next thing to silence.

An article on the election of Louis Napoleon to be President of the French Republic is a very good example of Fonblanche's style. He begins with the story of a traveller asking his way in the United States, who was told that there were two roads, both of which were described in great detail, with the final remark that one was a good deal longer than the other. "Why did you not say so at first?" asked the traveller. "Why," answered Jonathan, "I guess the shorter or longer makes little odds, for whichever you take you will very soon begin to wish you had taken the other." This, it is suggested, is very much the case with the choice of rulers before France:—

Placing a Napoleon at the head of a republic seems much the same sort

\* *The Life and Labours of Albany Fonblanche*. Edited by his Nephew, Edward Barrington de Fonblanche. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1874.

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of operation as putting an extinguisher on the top of a candle. It is literally the capital doom of the institution. The poor Republic, like Gay's cucumber, having been prepared and dressed with all care, is no sooner finished than it is thrown away. As the one fault of Orlando's horse was that he was dead, so the one fault of the French Republic is that there are no Republicans to give life to it. Cavaignac was indeed one, but to have made him President would have alarmingly diminished the number of true commonwealth citizens. Such a man cannot be spared from the ranks; for not having enough to mount sentry, it would never do to make one of the scanty band generalissimo. . . . France has been like that celebrated young man of Ballynacraze, who wanted a wife to make him uneasy. She wanted a republic to make her uneasy, and it has answered to her desire most completely. It is another version of the fable of the Old Man and Death: she has called for a Republic, the Republic has appeared, and its looks have been liked so ill that the invoker has explained that the summons was simply to adjust the burden of the bundle of sticks. . . . It is hard to rail against the caprices, more seeming than real, of the French choice. We must not get into a rage with the nature of things, as did Sir Joseph Banks when he boiled fleas, and was writh that they did not bear out a theory by turning red—"Fleas are not lobsters, d— their eyes." The French have not turned red in the hot water of the election. Cavaignac would have been the choice of true Republicans; Napoleon is the choice of a people whose wishes are for anything but what is established.

Here are some of Fonblanque's stories taken at random. An Irish lady was constantly taxing the abilities of her carpenter for the production of effects above the reach of mortal hammer and saw, and when the mechanic begged her opinion as to the mode of realizing her conceptions, the answer was always "Somehow, by means of a screw." This is told *à propos* of the Repeal agitation, and might equally be applied to Home Rule. Mehemet Ali asked a Frenchman to explain what a Republic was. "If Egypt were a Republic," was the answer, "you would be the people, and the people would be the Pasha." Mehemet said he did not find that he had any taste for a Republic. A provincial antiquary went to visit Hicks's Hall. A hundred miles off everybody could tell him about Hicks's Hall. They knew where it was, what it was like, and all about it. But as the traveller got nearer, his information became less and less positive, and when two or three miles off no one knew it, or could say or conceive anything about it. A young Pickle dropped his drumstick into a well. He had a shrewd suspicion nobody would take the trouble to get it out; so he laid hold of all the plate he could find and threw it after the drumstick. The alarm was raised that the plate was missing; little master thought he saw something shining at the bottom of the well; ladders were got, and as the plate was fished up, the youngster called out, "John, as you are down there, you may as well bring up my drumstick!" When Calonne asked Vestris his terms for an engagement at the Theatre Royal, the dancer modestly demanded a hundred thousand francs a year. The Minister exclaimed against such an exorbitant demand, and remarked that the King did not pay his Marshals at so high a rate. To which Vestris replied, "Cela m'est bien indifférent. Vous direz alors à sa Majesté qu'elle n'a que faire danser ses maréchaux." A Scotchman stoutly maintained that the vines of his native land produced the best grapes in the world, adding, however, "But I must premise I like the grapes a wee sour." The biographical sketches of Melbourne, Peel, Wellington, and other statesmen which are given in this volume are admirable in their delicacy and discrimination, and even the lighter parts possess a real historical value.

## NEW EDITIONS OF ARISTOPHANES.\*

TO renew an acquaintance with Aristophanes is a luxury denied by the nature of the case to those who have never had the chance of knowing him. But this class, as well as that which has had the advantage of a liberal education and wishes to revive its intimacy with an old friend, has readier means than heretofore of enjoying a taste of his lively comedy and sprightly caricature, through the multiplication of good translations of the best plays, and the excellent editions which have recently appeared of separate dramas. It is, indeed, not beyond the bounds of possibility that, thanks to these and similar helps, the present generation may take part in discussions of the relative merits of the *Acharnians* and the *Peace*, the *Wasps* and the *Clouds*, instituted by persons having as little Greek at command as Shakespeare had, and that it may no longer be essential to an intelligent knowledge of Attic comedy to have mastered the *adversaria* of Dobree, or to have at the finger-ends the criticisms and emendations of Dindorf.

This state of things it is but just to refer to its true cause; and we hold that, along with such fosterers of a taste for this form of Attic salt as Hookham Frere, Thomas Mitchell, and, to judge from his two translations, Mr. B. B. Rogers, the preparation for school and college purposes of succinctly noted and elucidated Greek texts is entitled to the credit of making Aristophanes popular beyond the wont of former years. Two creditable samples lie before us. Mr. Green, an ex-Cambridge tutor, and a Rugby assistant-master, has added to the four or five plays which he had already edited for the *Catena Classicorum*, a handy and useful school edition of the *Peace* of Aristophanes; and Mr. F. Paley—having conquered, so to speak, the worlds of Æschylus, Euripides, Homer, and Hesiod—has now planted his foot on the front-

\* *The Peace of Aristophanes*. A Revised Text, with English Notes and a Preface. By F. A. Paley, M.A. Cambridge: Deighton & Bell. London: Bell & Daldy.

*The Peace of Aristophanes*. Edited by W. C. Green, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London: Longmans & Co.

tier of Aristophanes, selecting for its first impress this same play of the *Peace*, which he rates as a higher specimen of the genius of the great Attic comedy-writer than do most of his fellows and contemporaries. Both scholars aim rather at supplying the needs of tirois than at so complete a critical apparatus as Dr. Hubert Holden, whose edition of Aristophanes we noticed two or three years ago; but neither fails to give his readers a clear account of the chief various readings and emendations, generally with a brevity consistent with the size of his volume. Between the two every facility is afforded to the young Greek scholar of arriving at an estimate for himself of the relative merits of the *Peace*.

For our own part, though we do not think the play so well sustained throughout as the *Clouds*, *Frogs*, *Knights*, or one or two others, we cannot subscribe to the verdict of Mr. Rogers, who calls the *Peace* tame and un-Aristophanic, or Mr. Green, who says that the plot is awkward. The best answer to the former would be to hold up his scholarly translation, which is so lively yet so literal as to console for the loss which literature sustains in the fragmentary and unfinished condition of Mr. Hookham Frere's treatment of the same play. But, as meeting Mr. Green's depreciation, we may point to Mr. Paley's sketch of the plot in the preface, which passes in review the scenes wherein Trygæus scales Olympus on a dung-beetle to find only the gods' messenger, Hermes, at home, and assist at the pounding of the Hellenic cities in a huge mortar by the war-god (Polemos); and where Hermes, after pocketing a bribe from Trygæus, assists the chorus of Attic farmers to recover Peace from the durance into which she has been cast. When her rescue is effected, and she reappears with her maids of honour, Opora and Theoria, there is some exquisite funning on the part of the Attic adventurer into the heavens, and a political exposition by Hermes of the causes of the war, not unlike, as Mr. Paley observes, the *pōiesis* on the same subject in the *Acharnians*. A capital dialogue succeeds between Peace, Hermes, and Trygæus, as to the causes of her discontent and temporary disappearance, and then comes the Parabasis, partly *à propos* of comedy, partly of politics, and dealing in an interesting manner with the character and influence of Cleon. When it is settled that Trygæus is to marry Opora, the sacrifice and the consecration of the statue of Peace are enlivened by the introduction of a seer, with martial sympathies, whose greed and impudence mark him as "the typical priest" according to the views of both modern and ancient "advanced liberalism." In due course we have a very pretty passage (1127-90) depicting the happiness of a farmer's homestead in the piping times of peace, which, as also the Parabasis, is fortunately one of the scenes from Aristophanes on which Hookham Frere employed his reproductive talent. A contrast is afforded in the closing marriage feast scene by the entrance of a ruined seller of arms, and a seller of rustic implements, whose day opens when that of the other "dog" is over. A marriage hymn and a procession wind up the play, which Mr. Rogers, with much probability, refers to the year 421 B.C.—that is to say, if the play we have is not the second edition, the original play of the *Peace* having been brought out at the crisis described in Thucyd. v. 20, namely, the treaty for peace made after the deaths of Cleon and Brasidas at the battle of Amphipolis, and signed by Athens and Sparta in the beginning of the eleventh summer of the war. There are several pieces of internal evidence of date—e.g., the allusions to the death of Cleon, and the rather remarkable forbearance with which, in 648-57, Aristophanes prays for "peace to his ashes," as well as those referring to the non-restoration of the prisoners on Spacteria, a great hindrance to peace, and a sore between the contending parties which Cleon, in the view of Aristophanes, was very much to blame for not healing.

One of the novelties of Mr. Paley's edition is his suggestion in the preface and in a note on v. 224 that the upper part of the *σκηνή* was used not unfrequently for acting whenever the top of a house, a city wall, an acropolis, the sky, or a high rock had to be represented. This hypothesis, he shows, would suit the opening scene of the *Agamemnon*, as well as well-known scenes in the *Orestes*, *Medea*, and *Phenissa*; and it would doubtless supply a clue to much of the stage directions and stage contrivances in the *Peace* in reference to the relative positions of Trygæus aloft, and Peace buried in the cave down on the stage. Mr. Green and Mr. Rogers take the cave where Peace was concealed to have been on the upper platform; but Mr. Paley points out insuperable difficulties in this surmise. He believes that an access to the upper platform was afforded by a concealed staircase, not unlike the rood-stairs of our old churches; and that by these Trygæus descended, at v. 825, to the tiring of his legs, when, as we know, from 721, his beetle did not supply him with the means of back-carriage. The heap of stones, under which the goddess Peace is supposed to lie, may be compared, says Mr. Paley on 224, with the mounds in the *Perse* and *Choephorae* of Æschylus; and he considers the dialogue held aloft to refer to the stage below, where it speaks of the *ἄντρον βαθύ*, on a level with the chorus and the haulers and tuggers at the ropes. There can be no doubt that this hypothesis of a higher and lower level of the stage, which is countenanced in the second introduction to the drama in the words, *ἡ δὲ σκηνὴ τοῦ δράματος οὐ μίσχον μιν ἵππην γῆν, οὐ μέρον δὲ εἰτὶ τοῦ οἴδανον*, is calculated to be very helpful in the understanding of divers scenes of Attic tragedy and comedy, though we do not remember to have seen it propounded in any account of the Greek theatres.

To turn to the interpretation of the dialogues and chorus of the drama as supplied by Mr. Paley and Mr. Green, we should say

that the young student of Aristophanes is in excellent hands under their guidance. Mr. Green has abated very much the fancy for constant parallelism of the Aristophanic puns which characterized his contributions to the *Catena Classicorum*, and while he evinces ripe and good scholarship, he is not always, we think, so disposed to be hypercritical as Mr. Paley. In the description, for example, of the dung-beetle at his meals, in v. 34—

ώστερ παλαιστής, παραβαλῶν τοὺς γομφίους—

Mr. Paley hesitates to connect *παραβαλῶν* with *παλαιστής*, because it is uncertain whether *παραβάλων*, like *προβολόν*, was technically used of athletes. We agree with Mr. Green that the point of the line consists in this very connexion. The beetle “falls on vigorously with his grinders as a wrestler does with his arms,” and we should go a step further than Mr. Green in punctuating the line, so as to show the *παρὰ προσδοκίαν*

ώστερ παλαιστῆς παραβαλῶν—τοὺς γομφίους.

It is scarcely needful to say that this figure, where an unexpected word finishes a line and fills up the space, which seemed to demand another word in sound and length, is very common in Aristophanes, and by no means least so in the *Peace*, where in v. 73, for the *Ætnæan pony*, which we were expecting, comes in the *Αἰραῖς κάνθαρος*, or *Ætnæan beetle*, as a surprise. In v. 123 Trygæus promises his daughters

Κολλέραν μεγαλὴν καὶ κόνδυλον δύφεν ιτ' αἰρῆ—

*A.e.* a big bun and a fisticuff for a relish to eat it with (Paley), or as Green neatly translates, “a cake and a cuff to season it with”; and in v. 378 Trygæus, in mock piteousness, invokes Hermes, not as just before, *πρὸς τῶν θεῶν*, “by the gods,” but rather *πρὸς τῶν κριῶν*—*i.e.* by the presents of meat wherewith he had bribed the god. In the fine scene where the war-god is mixing the *olio*, or hash, or salad, of the Greek States, an example of this device has seemingly escaped both Mr. Green and Mr. Paley. Riot, or *κνημικός*, the war-god’s lacquey, is sent off in quest of a pestle for Sparta, when Cleon, the most natural pestle that could be thought of, was missed from Athens. It is a critical moment for the *Peace* party; and Trygæus urges on the spectators that if any of them are initiated in the mysteries of Samothrace:—

νῦν ἵστιν εὐξασθαι καλὸν  
ἀποστραφῆναι τὸν μεγάντος τῷ ποδὶ

But if any amongst you here have been initiated  
In Samothrace, let them say their prayers immediately  
For a mischief to overtake the messenger.—HOOKHAM FRRR.

Here the editors we are discussing concur in interpreting *ἀποστραφῆναι* in a technical sense, like *διαστραφῆναι*, of dislocation, and it will be seen that Frere agrees with them, though his translation is not so pronounced as to pledge him to an exact interpretation. We must own to a decided preference for the rendering of Rogers:—

And if there’s here a man initiate  
In Samothrace, ‘tis now the hour to pray  
For the averting of—the varlet’s feet.

Certainly this resort to the *παρὰ προσδοκίαν* artifice must be allowed to be infinitely comic and Aristophanic.

Just below the verse which we first mentioned, as to the beetle feeding, occurs another likening of him to.

οἱ τὰ σχονία  
τὰ παχιὰ συνβάλλοντες τὸν τάς ὀλκάδας (36-7),

which Mr. Green takes to mean that the beetle was working himself round, head, hands, and all, in stooping to gorge the mess out of the trough “like those who make the larger ropes for ships.” Mr. Paley takes exception to this translation, saying that *τὰς ὀλκάδας* would be expected in such a collocation. He would render the words “like sailors who coil those thick ropes into the merchant vessels.” With all deference to his opinion, we should take the use of *σχονία-συνβάλλεις* given by Mr. Green (though it would be more satisfactory with the passage cited) for ropemakers, as confirmatory of the simpler interpretation, which is also adopted by Mr. Rogers, who translates

For all the world like those who plait and weave  
Those great thick ropes to tow the barges with.

In vv. 479-80 occurs a difficulty which has been felt by many critics and commentators, where, in the pulling-match to get *Peace* out of her cave, Hermes takes exception to Trygæus’s observation, that the Laconians pull lustily:—

ἄρ' οἰσθ' ὄποι γ' αἰτῶν ἔχονται τοῦ ξύλου,  
μόνον προθυμοῦντ' ἀλλ' ὁ χαλεπὸς οὐκ ίται—

a passage taken by many to distinguish between the makers of warlike weapons and agricultural implements, though the distinction fails, seeing that there is metal in both. Mr. Green sides with the scholiast’s reference of *ξύλου* to the prison pillory, though he does not endorse the view of the commentator who takes *ἔχονται τοῦ ξύλου* to mean “are made fast in the pillory,” which would require *τῷ ξύλῳ*. What he does suggest, is that the words may mean “Those who are connected with the prison pillory,” *i.e.*, “the kinsmen of the prisoners”; and that then *ὁ χαλεπὸς* stands as a sort of antithesis for the opposers of peace, “the brazen-fetter-forgers” as a class, who were disposed to leave the prisoners of Sparta still in bonds, whereas the relatives of the prisoners, the best blood of Lacedæmon, would pull with their might, and justify their zeal as well as their designation, *ὄποι—ἔχονται τοῦ ξύλου*. Mr. Paley, whose volume was published a month or two later than Mr. Green’s, objects that the former part of this expla-

nation is a little far-fetched, though he finds a parallel for *ἴχεσθαι ξύλον* “to be fast to the wood.” If, however, the alternative lies between a contrast of the trades of war and peace and Mr. Green’s ingenious theory, we are disposed to accept the latter.

But if the question is that of neat and exact translation, it must be owned that Mr. Paley is seldom or never untrustworthy. It is interesting to supplement and elucidate by his exactness the more spiritual translation, where it is vouchsafed, of Hookham Frere. For example, where the latter gives the gist of Mercury’s account of the results of the Megarean decree:—

Overshadowing all the land with smoky clouds and smouldering reek,  
Dark’ning all our cheerful days and drawing tears from every cheek;  
Till the figs, the vines, and olives, and the very jugs and jars  
Bounced about and broke each other, as associates in the wars  
(Vv. 612-15)—

we might not quite realize what was meant, but for Paley’s explanation of the allusion to the smashing of wine-jars by rolling against each other in the hostile raids. “When once,” runs his translation, “the poor vines had crackled in the general blaze, and wine-crock strung had kicked back in anger against crock, there was no one then left to stop it, and this dear goddess got more and more out of our sight.” The passage, it must be allowed, becomes more intelligible in the prose.

Before finishing our remarks—in which it is difficult to do two good scholars anything like full justice—we must just quote from Mr. Rogers a capital bit of translation from a later portion of the play, both because it seems to justify Mr. Paley’s estimate of the *Peace* as a lively comedy, and because two or three bits of it are well illustrated by Mr. Paley and Mr. Green. It is where Trygæus on returning home is interrogated by his servant as to the upper regions:—

SERV. What, master, you returned? TRYG. So I’m informed.  
SERV. What have you got? TRYG. Got 7 pain in both my legs.  
Faith, it’s a rare long way. SERV. Nay, tell me. TRYG. What?

SERV. Did you see any wandering in the air  
Beside yourself? TRYG. No, nothing much to speak of—  
Two or three souls of dithyrambic poets.

SERV. What were they after? TRYG. Flitting round for *odes*,  
*Those floating-on-high-in-the-air-sky affairs.*

SERV. Then tisn’t true what people say about it,  
That when we die, we straightway turn to stars.

TRYG. O yes, it is. SERV. *And who’s the star there now?*  
TRYG. Ion of Chios, who on earth composed

“Swate morning, starre,” and when he came there all  
At once addressed him as “Swate Mornin’ Starre.”

SERV. And did you learn about those falling stars;  
Which sparkle as they run? TRYG. Yes; those are some  
Of the rich stars, returning home from supper  
Lanterns in hand, and in the lanterns fire.—Vv. 825-41.

The *ἀγαθολαῖ*, which are rendered *odes* in the seventh line, are identified by Paley with the “long rambling odes” which correspond to preludes on the lute before the song commences; and his equivalent for the big compound *ἰεναιαραρεψηνχιροῦ*, in the next verse, is almost as good as Mr. Rogers’s. It is “sunlit-mist-ical-air-swimming-nothings.” With the query of the servant as to mortals turning into stars after death, the same editor compares very appropriately *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2, init., and Mr. Green gives a good and simple account of Ion of Chios, and the allusion to him and his ode in vv. 11, 12. Mr. Paley, however, is assuredly right in saying that *καὶ τις ἵστιν ἀστὴρ νῦν ικεῖ* means, as Rogers gives it, “and who’s the star there now?” *i.e.* one of the recently dead, and not, as Mr. Green would explain “Pray, then, who is a star? Give us a specimen.”

Both of these editions have their special merits, and it would be hard to pronounce between them. Those will be fortunate who have the one to compare with the other, and if they have also Mr. Rogers’s translation at hand, we promise them that the labour will be lightened and the pleasure enhanced.

#### TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

MISS BRADDON has gone back to her old hunting-grounds, and in *Taken at the Flood* has given us a series of crimes and psychological monstrosities sufficient to stock a small circulating library. For the heroine we have the well-known pale-faced, red-haired girl with strong passions and no conscience, to whom the lust of the eyes and the pride of life are more than fidelity or love, and who is willing to sell herself to secure the first, while determined not to lose the pleasures which would have come from the last. She is a woman, however, so bold in resolve, so fertile in resources, and so weak in the presence of danger and Nemesis, that we scarcely know how to catalogue her—whether as a strong-minded Messalina or an impressionable Magdalene, being crafty, subtle, and cruel as Vivien for the one part, heart-stricken and repentant as Guinevere for the other.

The hero is a person to the full as composite. He is the soul of honour, and is said to have the brave man’s quality of self-control; but he is no more fixed in purpose than the vane on the house-top, and suffers himself to be blown about now by passion, now by remorse, defying the demon one day, and the next putting his neck under the cloven hoof abjectly enough. A character with two or three master passions of equal strength is a difficult thing to describe with success, especially when, without apparent cause, now one rules all the rest, and then again is deposed for another to take the lead. How are

\* Taken at the Flood. A Novel. By the Author of “Lady Audley’s Secret,” &c. &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Maxwell & Co. 1874.

we to accept Edmund Standen? A gentleman and the "only son of his mother," he loves a pretty girl below his own sphere, because she has fine eyes, a fair complexion, and red-gold hair. At the very height and in the sweetest moment of his young love, "as he came to the trysting-tree, he was compelled to confess to himself, in the course of that self-examination to which all thoughtful men submit their motives, that it was Sylvia's face that had bewitched him." Of her mind he knew very little, beyond the one fact that she loved him, and knowing that, he seemed to know all that was needful." And yet, had Edmund been really as thoughtful and high-minded as Miss Braddon would have us believe, he would have questioned the wisdom of his decision more gravely than he did, and would have probably hesitated before wishing to make his wife of a woman for whom he had manifestly only that kind of love which men give to their mistresses. But if he is inharmonious with himself in the beginning of the book, what shall we say of him as the story goes on? How can we characterize that dishonourable infidelity of this man of thought and purpose, that base yielding to an ignoble passion of one to whom love was said to mean something higher than sensuality and purity than selfishness? Let authors give us their views on the force of physical love if they like, but let them be taken for what they are worth, and the feeling for what it is. It is necessary to protest against this as the love by which a noble-minded man is governed, and also against such a portrait as that of Edmund Standen altogether. Presented to us as estimable and loyal, he is simply a weak and sensual scoundrel; and Miss Braddon disfigures nothing of the motives which make him break faith with Esther Rochdale when he meets Sylvia again, and when he finds it "hard to keep the break on passion," though he "stands like a rock, looking straight before him with a cold, steady gaze, ordering his heart to be still, that heart whose passionate beating belies his outward calm." As the interview goes on, and Sylvia jeers alliteratively at Esther as "that prim pattern of provincial perfection," Edmund plucks up manliness enough to say, "Spare your sneers against my future wife, Lady Perriam. Yes, I am going to marry Miss Rochdale, and if I am not as happy with her as I once hoped to be with you, it will be my folly, and no missing grace or charm in my wife that will be to blame." On which Sylvia makes a speech, and the interview ends thus:—

She stretched out her arm, with a gesture of dismissal. Till this moment Edmund had stood by the ivy-wreathed railings of the Perriam tomb, fixed, immovable, stupidly battling with that demon of weak and foolish love which bade him cast truth, honour, loyalty to the winds, and clasp this false idol to his breast. But now, as she retreated from him, slowly in the moonlight—a phantom-like figure gliding out of his reach—the old folly mastered him, the passion he had never conquered once more enslaved him. He stretched out his arms—three eager steps brought him to her side—and once again she was held to his heart—held as if never more to be set free.

"Leave you, forget you, go back to another woman! No, Sylvia, you know I cannot do that. You knew that, when you lured me here to-night you would have me at your feet. I have come back to your net. You have called me back. You would have it so, for good or evil. I am dishonoured, perfumed, weakest and worst among men, but I am yours, and yours only?"

Can it be that Miss Braddon has discovered nothing better in life than weakness to sense and faithlessness to honour, and so gives us a man who yields thus tamely to his senses and is so base a traitor to his honour as merely one among thousands like to him and no worse than his neighbours? This is the real immorality of those authors who take an ignoble view of human nature. Small danger lies in the description of violent sensational crimes, which we presume no one in his senses would take as a pattern to go by; but when falsehood, treachery, sensuality, and selfishness are depicted as part of the natural order of things, inborn circumstances of humanity, common to all alike, and seen as often in the good as the bad, then harm of the worst kind is done to the weak and impressionable, and the work is as dangerous as its teaching is untrue.

*Taken at the Flood* indeed has very few green spots to delight the believer in human nature. All the leading characters are more or less bad or weak, and the few good people flitting ghost-like through the pages are not lovable. Sylvia herself is of Lady Audley's type, a woman without a conscience, afraid of poverty more than of crime, and preferring jewelry and silk gowns to morality and love. Her father, who is the village schoolmaster when the story opens, is broken-down gambler, a man in hiding for some crime committed in his capacity of manager in a commercial house, the head of which condoned the fraud by seducing the defrauder's wife. So at least we make out from the conversation that takes place between James Carew and his beggar wife when the latter comes for food and shelter to the cottage, and the two talk together of the past as no people off the stage ever do talk, for the purpose of letting the reader know how things had gone. This wife herself is a poor weak miserable sinner, who becomes her daughter's trembling tool, and aids in the substitution of the living Sir Aubrey for his dead brother Mordred, by which Sylvia is (apparently) free to enjoy life in her own way, and marry Edmund Standen at last. Shadrach Bain, the family lawyer, is a villain of the conventional kind, crafty, dogged, implacable, resolute; a man of fiery passions and iron will, to whom nothing comes amiss by which he can gratify the one and exercise the other. Sir Aubrey Perriam, who marries the lowly-living Sylvia in such undignified haste, is an old miser who has neither the habits nor the knowledge of his class; and his brother Mordred is a half-imbecile cataloguer of books. As for Edmund Standen, the young man of honour and nobility, he is to be warped from both by the first efforts of his beautiful Delilah; his

ill-used but perfectly correct *fiancée*, Esther Rochdale, is a very feebly defined portrait all through, good if one will, but colourless and wanting individuality; and the same may be said of Mrs. Standen, who is, if anything, more blustering than steadfast, and threatens penalties which she never means to carry into execution. A few pale shadowy silhouettes make up the rest of the *dramatis personæ*; but those of whom we have spoken are the chief actors, and we cannot compliment the society in which they wove their plots and lived their questionable lives.

The story is of course a story of crime and mystery. In the beginning Sylvia is in love with and secretly engaged to Edmund Standen. This is an immense success for the penniless daughter of the village schoolmaster, whose income is forty pounds a year, with house rent, coals, and candles; though Mrs. Standen, when she hears of it, threatens to disinherit her son if he persists in his mad desire, and to leave him to his own resources and his love. Meanwhile Sir Aubrey comes on the scene, and falls in love with this fair-faced young woman in a manner suggestive of softening of the brain more than of anything else. Sylvia flings Edmund to the winds for this higher lure. He has been obliged to go to Demerara, so that she is free to act for her own advantage; and she marries Sir Aubrey Perriam as the best thing she can do. The old man holds her close, and does not treat her with the liberality she expected; on which she gets tired of him, and, utilizing the paralysis and semi-imbecility into which he falls, drags him, drugged, into Mordred's chamber, when Mordred dies, and she buries the brother as her husband. She has not however got rid of all her difficulties; for, though we are told in p. 287 of the second volume that, "in the event of his death happening before the majority of his eldest son, Sir Aubrey left his wife guardian of the infant," yet in p. 302 we find that "the Court of Chancery had made him"—i.e. Shadrach Bain, the family lawyer of the Perriams, whose main ambition in life seems to be to hear himself called squire—"guardian of the infant heir according to the express wish of Sir Aubrey, as recorded in his will"; and it is precisely this Mr. Shadrach Bain who, having so much power already over her, is determined to be her husband, or, as events turn, her destroyer. Bold in plot and resolute in deed, Lady Perriam has no command over her facial muscles. She shows Mr. Bain that some mystery is connected with her husband's sudden death, and the strict seclusion in which she keeps the so-called Mordred since that death. Mr. Bain, with his suspicions wide awake, offers her marriage, not sorry for the hold he imagines he has over her. For her answer she first of all puts "Mordred" into a private lunatic asylum kept by one Joseph Ledlamb, another scoundrel without a soul to be saved—a tremendous error in judgment, by the by, seeing that it was Mr. Bain himself who had recommended that gentleman, which gives him a clue easy enough to follow—they takes refuge in flight, and is on the point of committing bigamy with Edmund Standen when the ceremony is interrupted by the lawyer in the good old melodramatic fashion, just at the nick of time, and Lady Perriam is saved one crime on the list. Shadrach Bain carries off the disappointed but still believing lover to the "Arbour," Mr. Ledlamb's sordid and remote asylum, to unearth the mystery if there is one, or to prove the lawyer a defamer if there is not. The sequel comes easy. Sir Aubrey is discovered, and Lady Perriam takes once more to flight, falls ill abroad, is found by Edmund, tenderly nursed, comes to her senses just before she dies, repents, is reconciled, and finally "living and dying lips met in the last kiss of a love that had been fatal." Mrs. Carew, alias Carter, alias Carford—her real name—also falls ill and dies, having first written a detailed account of how the plot of substitution grew and was worked, in a manner as little to the life as was her conversation at the cottage with her husband. After Sylvia's death and their last kiss, Edward of course has a fever in his turn, is nursed by his mother and Esther, recovers, falls in love again with Esther, proposes, is accepted; and all ends happily, with, we may presume, a recurrence to former habits when the two "read Schiller together, to the disgust of Mrs. Standen and Ellen, to whose ears the gutturals of that grand Slavonic tongue were unutterably barbarous." With which novel fact in philology we take our leave of Miss Braddon's last pot-pourri of unlikely crime, crooked morality, and forced similes—as when she speaks of the "pale sea-green parasitical growth, which was born of the salt breeze that swept over that tranquil valley, as if Amphitrite herself had wreathed her wet arms around those rugged old trunks and sinuous branches"; glad, however, to be spared the piety of her late mood, and to know that things might have been worse than they are.

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